VIRGILIVS MARO
VIRGIL'S
Georgicks
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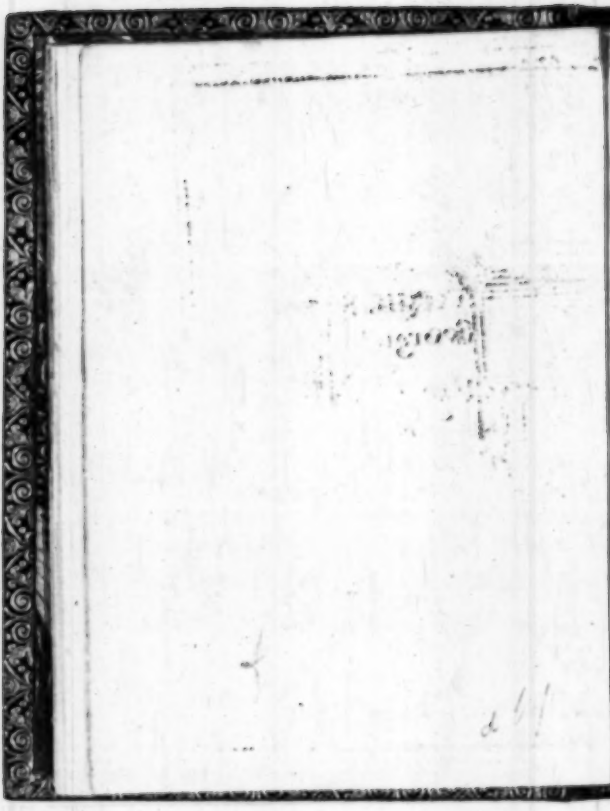
Tho: May
Esq.
Lo: printed for
Tho: Walkley in Brittains Burse
Droughan fecit 1622



To my truely Iudicious Friend, CHRISTOPHER GARDINER of *Haling*, Esquier.

I Cannot make a fitter choise of any Name to ſtand prefixed before this Worke, than ſuch a friends, who not onely underſtands but loves endeavours

of this nature; one as farre from pride as ignorance; and ſuch a Reader, as I could wiſh all, but cannot hope to finde many. It is a Tranſlation of ſuch a Poet as in our age is no leſſe admired, than hee was once honoured in his Romane world. To ſpeake how learned the Poem is, how full of heights not improperly rayſed out of a meane ſubject, were needleſſe to you, who ſo well underſtand the originall of it, and the patterne of

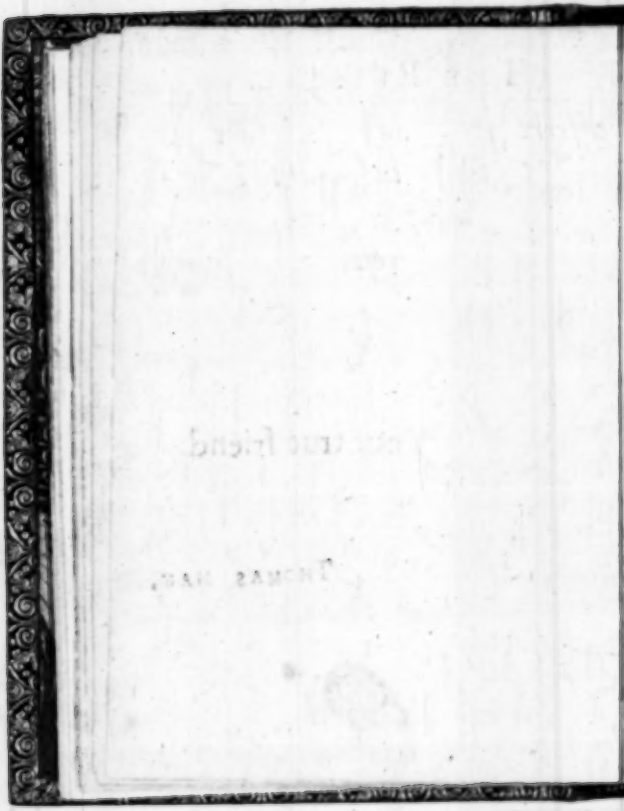
of this originall, the Poem of Heſiod. *If there were any thing in my paines, which might either offend an honeſt eare, or iuſtly ſuffer a great condemnation from a learned Cenſurer, I ſhould be fearefull to commend it to you, whoſe Religion, Life, and Learning, are ſo well knowne unto me. This Worke may informe ſome, delight others, it can hurt none; it is no new thing, (being a Tranſlation) but an old Worke of ſuch a Poet, who in the Opinion*

of his owne times was an honest man, as well as an able Writer. Whose Poem if I have truely rendered, I thinke it better than publishing mine owne fancies to the World, especially in an Age so much cloyed with Cob-webbe Inventions, and unprofitable Poemes. How much I have failed in my undertaking, (as missing the sense of Virgil, or not expressing of him highly and plainely enough) they onely are able Iudges who can con-

conferre it ; and ſuch are you to whoſe iudgement I leaue it, and reſt

Your true friend

THOMAS MAY.



GEORGICON.
The first BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

TIllage, in all her severall parts, is showne,
Her favouring gods, her first invention,
Her various seasons, the celestiall signes;
And how the Plow-mans providence divines
Of future weather: what presages be
From Beasts and Birds by wise antiquity
Drawne into rules infallible; from whence
The Plow-man takes dispaire, or confidence.
What tooles th' industrious husband's works assaile.
From whence our Poet sadly doth bewaile
That crooked Sickles turn'd to Swords, so late
Had drunke the blood of Romes divided State,
And in few yeares with her unnaturall wounds
Had twice manur'd Æmathias fatal grounds.

WVhat makes rich crops; vvhat season most endlues
To plowing th'earth, & marrying elms with vines?

WVhat

What care of Neat, or Sheep is to be had;
Of stingall Bees what trials may be made
I sing, *Mecœnas*, here. You lights most cleare,
Whose heavenly course directs the sliding yeare;
Bacchus and softring *Ceres*, if first you
Did for Chaonian Mast rich Corne bestow,
And temper'd waters with invented (*b*) wine:
You tillage-favouring gods; ye (*c*) *Fauns* divine,
And virgin *Dryades* be present now:
I sing your bounties: and, great (*d*) *Neptune*, thou,
Whose tridents stroke did first fro th' earth produce
A warlike horse: thou that the woods dost use,
Whose full three hundred snow-white Bullocks run
Grazing rich (*e*) *Ceas* pasture fields upon,
Sheep-keeping *Pan*, with favour present be
(If thy Mænalian flocks be deare to thee)
Leaving *Lycæus* and faire *Aready*:
Minerva foundresse of the Olive tree:
Thou (*f*) youth inventer of the crooked plow:
And thou that mak'st the tender Cypresse grow
Vp from the root, (*g*) *Silvanus*: all that love
Tillage, both gods, and goddesses above,
That growing plants can foster without seed,
And them from heaven with raine sufficing feed:

And

And thou great *Cæsar*, whom 'tis yet not plaine
What ranke of gods shall one day entertaine;
Whether the World thy deity shall feare,
As Lord of fruits, and seasons of the yeare,
Of lands and townes (with *Venus* myrtle tree
Crowning thy head) or thou the god wilt be
Of the vast Sea, and *Thules* farthest shore,
And thee alone the Saylors shall adore,
As *Thetis* sonne-in-Law with all her Seas
Given for a Dower; or else that thou wilt please
To adde one signe to the slow moneths, and be
Betwixt the ballance, and (*b*) *Erigone*;
The fiery Scorpion will contract his space,
And leave for thee in heaven the greater place.
What ere thou 'lt be (for hell despaires to gaine
Thee for her King: nor thirst thou so for reigne,
Though Greece so much th'Elysian fields admire,
And soft *Proserpina* would not retire
Thence with her mother) view with gracious eyes,
And prosper this my ventrous enterprise.
Pitty the Plow-mens errours, and mine too,
And vse thy selfe to be invoked now.
When first the spring dissolves the mountaine snow
Whē th'earth grows soft again, & west winds blow,

Then let your Oxen toile in furrowes deepe,
Let use from rasting your bright plowshares keep.
Those crops, which twice have felt the sun, and twi-
The cold, will Plow-mens greediest wish suffice.
Harvests from thence the crowded barnes will fill.
But lest the fields we ignorantly till,
To know how different lands and climates are,
All windes and seasons, let it be our care;
What every Region can, or cannot beare;
Here corne thrives best: Vines best do prosper there
Some Lands are best for fruit, for pasture some;
From Tmolus see how fragrant saffrons come:
'Mongst the Sabæans frankincense doth grow:
Iron the naked Chalybes bestow:
India sends ivory, Pontus Beavers stone,
Epire swift horse, that races oft have wonne.
These severall vertues on each land and clime,
Nature bestow'd even from the point of time,
When stones in th' empti'd world *Deucalion* threw,
From whence th'hard-harted race of mankind grew.
Therefore when first the yeare begins, do thou
Thy richest grounds most deep and strongly plow,
That Summers piercing Sun may ripen more,
And well digest the fallow glebe; but poore,

An

And barren grounds about October plow
Not deepe; in one, leſt weedes, that rankly grow,
Spoile the rich crop: in tother, leſt the dry
And ſandy grounds quite without moiſture ly.
And let thy field each other yeare remaine
Fallow, and ear'd, to gather heart againe.
Or elſe thy corne thou there mayſt ſafely ſow
Where in full codds laſt yeare rich pleaſe did grow.
Or elſe where tares, or lupines laſt were ſowne,
Lupines that ſadneſſe cauſe; (for tis well knowne
What Oates, Hempe, Flaxe, and Poppy cauſing ſleep
Doe burne the ſoile) but beſt it is to keep
The ground one yeare at reſt, forget not than
With richeſt dung to hearten it againe,
Or with unſifted aſhes; ſo tis plaine
That changing ſeedes gives reſt unto a field;
And tis no loſſe to let it lye untill'd.
Fires oft are goad on barren earthes made
With crackling flames to burne the ſtubble blade.
Whether the earth ſome hidden ſtrength do gaine
From thence, or wholeſome nouriſhment obtaine:
Or that thoſe fires digeſt, or purge, or dry
All poiſonous humours that in th' earth did ly:
Or elſe that heat new pores, and caverns opes,

Through which good juice comes to the following crops:
Or elſe it knits the earths too open veines,
And makes them more compact, leſt falling raines
Soake them too farre, leſt Boreas piercing cold,
Or Phœbus heat ſhould dry the parched mold.
And wholeſome husbandry twas ever found
Often to breake and harrow barren ground,
And well rewarded ſtill at *Ceres* hand.
Nor is't unwholeſome to ſubdue the Land
By often exerciſe: and where before
You broke the Earth, againe to plow it ore
Croſſe to the former. Let the Plow-mens prayer
Be for moiſt ſolſtices, and Winters faire.
For Winters duſt doth cheere the Land, and drawe
So great an harveſt, that rich *Maſſia*
For all her skill obtaines not greater ſtore,
Nor *Ida's* hils do boaſt their plenty more.
What ſhall I ſay to him that ſowes his Land
Immediately, ſcattering the barren Sand?
Then brings in watering ſtreames that will ſuffice?
And when in ſcorched fields all Herbage dyes:
Lo, he from higher bending hillocks drawes
In furrowes waters downe, which gliding cauſe
Among the pebble ſtones a murmuring ſound,

And

And with their ſtreams refreſh the thirſty ground?
Or him, that leſt ranke eares ſhould overlade,
And lodge the ſtemme, he in the tender blade,
Eates off the rankenes? Or that draines his ground
With thirſty ſand, when moiſture doth abound?
When in the Spring, or Autumne ſpecially
(Vnconſtant ſeaſons) rivers ſwell'd too high
Have fill'd the drenched fields with ſlime, and yet
The draining trenches with warm moiſture ſweat.
Nor are theſe things (though they mens labors be
And beaſts) not ſubject to the injurie
Of Geeſe, Strymonian Cranes, the ſhade of Trees,
And growing bitter-rooted Suckoryes.
For *Iove* himſelfe, loath that our lives ſhould prove
Too eaſie, firſt caus'd men the ground to move,
Fill'd mortall hearts with cares, nor ſuffered he
The world to fall into a Lethargy.
Before *Ioues* reigne no Plow-men till'd the ground:
Nor was it lawfull then their Lands to bound;
They liv'd in common all: and every thing
Did without labour from Earths boſome ſpring.
Ioue Venome firſt infus'd in Serpents ſcil,
Taught Wolves to prey, and ſtormy Seas to ſwell:
Reb'd leaves of honey, and hid fire from men,

And baniſh'd wine, which run in rivers then,
That th' arts by neede might ſo in time be found;
Corne might be ſought by tilling of the ground,
And hidden fire from flints hard veines be drawne:
Then Aldern boates firſt plow'd the Ocean:
The Sailers number'd then, and nam'd each ſtarre
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northren carre.
Deceiving bi-dame then they learn'd to make:
And beaſts by hunting, or by toyles to take:
Drag-nets were made to fiſh within the deepe:
And caſting nets did rivers bottomes ſweep.
Then iron firſt, and ſawes were underſtood;
For men before with wedges cleft their wood.
Then th'arts were found, for all things conquer'd be
By reſtleſſe toyle, and hard neceſſity.
First yellow *Ceres* taught the world to plow
When woods no longer could afford enow
Wilde Crabs and Acorns, and *Dodona* lent
Her maſt no more: then miſeries were ſent
To vexe the art of tillage: blaſtings kill'd
The ſtalks, and fruitleſſe thiſtles in the field
Prevailing, ſpoyl'd the corne: rough weeds did grow
Of burs and brambles troubling it, and now
Within the fields among the harveſt graine

Corne-

Corne vexing darnell, and vvilde oates did reigne.
That now unleſſe thou exerciſe the ſoile,
Fright birds away, and vvith continuall toile
Lop off the ſhadowing boughes, and pray for raine
Devoutly ſtill, thou mayſt behold in vaine
Thy neighbours heape of corne vvith envious eies
Labouring vvith maſt thy hunger to ſuffice.
The hardy plovvmens tooles muſt novv be ſhown,
VVithout vvhich corne can nor be reapt nor ſovvn.
The flaile, fled, coulter, ſhare, and crooked plovv,
The iron harrovv, *Ceres* vvagons ſlovv,
Celeus poore vvicker houſhold-ſtuffe, and than
Harrovves of vvood, vvith *Bacchus* miſticke Van.
All theſe before hand muſt be got by thee
If fame thou ſeeke in noble husbandry.
Fetch from the vvoods a fitting elme, and bovv
The ſame vvith skill, till of a crooked plovv
It take the forme; to that faſten a beame
Eight foot in length, tvvo eares; not far from them
The vvood that holds the ſhare; but tile-tree take,
Or lofty beech the Oxens yokes to make,
And tailes of plovves, vvhich all the course do guide,
VVhen ſmoke the goodneſſe of the vvood hath tri'd.
Many of the ancients rules I here could ſhovv

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe thou ſcorne to ſtudy Arts ſo low:
Let thy Barns floore be digg'd, and ſodder'd than
With tufteſt Clay, and then rowl'd hard againe,
Leſt it ſhould turne to duſt, or graſſe ſhould grow.
Many miſhaps may fall; the mouſe below
Oft makes her houſe, and garner under ground,
And there as oft the blinde-borne moles are found:
There Toades, and many earth-bred Monſters ly:
There little Weevils heapes of corne deſtroy,
And frugall Ants, that toyle for times to come.
Conſider thou, when Nut-trees fully bloome,
And with their fragrant bloſſomes bend the tree,
As thoſe nuts thrive ſo will thy harveſts be,
And corne in great abundance gathered.
But if theſe trees in broad leaves only ſpread,
Then ears, though great, but little graine will yeeld.
Some I have ſeene, before they ſow their field,
Their ſeedes with lees of oyle, and nitre ſtill
To macerate, which makes full graines, to fill
The flattering huskes; or elſe their ſeedes to boile.
Seedes I have ſeene choſen, and pick'd with toile,
Yet grow ill corne, unleſſe the man for feare
Coll with his hand the greateſt every yeare.
So all things of themſelves degenerate,

And

And change to worſe even by the law of Fate;
No otherwiſe then when a man doth row
Againſt a violent ſtreame with much adoo,
If ere he chance from rowing to refraine,
His Boate is hurry'd downe the ſtreame againe.
Plow-men had need each Starre as well to know,
The Kids, the Dragon, and Arcturus too,
As Sailors needs, who in rough ſtormes are wont
To paſſe the Oyſter-breeding Helleſpont.
When *Libra* firſt divides the world, twixt light
And darkneſſe, equalling the day and night,
Then exerciſe your teames, and barley ſow
Till Winter to extremity do grow.
While yet tis dry thy hempe, and poppy ſow
Before the Winter too tempeſtuous grow.
Sow beanes i'th' Spring, Clave graſſe in rotten ſoile,
And Willet, that requires a yearely toile,
When with his golden hornes bright *Taurus* opes
The yeare, & downward the croſſe Dog-ſtar ſtoops.
But if thou plow to ſow more ſolid graine
A wheat or barley harveſt to obtaine,
Firſt let the morning Pleiades be ſet,
And Ariadnes ſhining coronet,
Ere thou commit thy ſeed to ground, and there

Dare

Dare truſt the hope of all the following yeare.
Some that before the fall o'th' Pleiades
Began to ſow, deceived in th' increaſe
Haue reap't wild oates for wheat. But if that thou
Diſdaine not Feſels, or poore Vech to ſow,
Or care to make Ægyptian lentils thriue,
Falling Bootes then to thee will giue
Signes not obſcure. Begin to ſow, and till
The midſt of winter hold on ſowing ſtill. (guides
And therefore through twelue ſignes bright *Phabus*
The world, and th' earth in ſeverall climes divides.
Fiue zones divide the heavens, the torrid one
Still red, ſtill heated by the burning ſun.
On either ſide are two extreamely cold,
Which ice, and froſts, and ſtormes perpetuall hold:
Twixt that and theſe, to comfort mans eſtate,
The gods haue plac't two zones more temperate
Twixt both theſe two, a line i'th' midſt is put,
Which by the Zodiack is obliquely cut.
And as the world is elevated to
The Scythian North, it does declining goe
Downe to the Libyan South. The North's ſtil high
To us, the South under our feet doth lye,
Seene by the ghoſts, and balefull Styx below.

The

The mighty dragon their winds to and fro,
And like a crooked river doth paſſe through
And compaſſe round the great and leſſer Beare,
Which to be dipped in the Ocean feare.
There (as they ſay) an ever ſilent night
Remaines, and darkneſſe never pierc'd by light,
Or elſe the morne returnes to them, when gone
From us, and brings them day, when th'Eaſterne ſun
Doth in the morne ſalute our hæmiſphere,
Darke night compels them to light candles there.
Hence we in doubtfull skies may ſtormes foreſee,
When a fit harveſt or ſeed time will be;
Or when to plow th'uncertaine ſeas tis fit
With oares, or when to rig an armed fleet,
And when pine trees are ſeaſonably fell'd.
Nor can this ſpeculation vaine be held,
How th'heavenly ſignes doe riſe and fall, and here
Into foure ſeaſons doe divide the yeare.
When ſtormes within doores keep the husbandman,
They giue him leiſure to make ready than
What they would haſten in faire weather more,
To grind their plow-ſhares dulled edge, to bore
And hollow trees for boats; the husbandmen
Then meaſure corne, and marke their cattle then.

Some

Some horned forkes prepare, some sharpen stakes,
Bonds for the limber vines another makes:
Panyers sometimes of Rubean twigs they make,
Sometimes they grinde their corne, sometimes they bake:
For all divine and humane Lawes allow
On greatest holy dues some workes to do,
To digge a dike, or fence about the corne;
To catch the harmefull birds, brambles to burne:
To wash the bleating flocks in rivers cleare
By no Religion was forbidden ere.
Some drive their Asses to the market towne
With oyle and apples, who returne anone
Laden with pitch and grinding stones againe.
The Moone did not all dayes alike ordaine
Happy for every worke. The fift Moone flee,
Then hell and furies first began to be.
Then did the earth an impious birth produce
Typhœus, *Cœus*, and *Iapetus*,
That durst conspire the towers of heaven to raise.
Thrice they indeavour'd with strong hand to place
The mountaine Ossa on high Pelion,
On that Olympus: thrice great *Iove* threw downe
Their worke with thunder. But the fourteenth day
Is best to plant your vineyards, and assay

Your

Your new-tam'd Oxen. Then best spinning thrives;
The ninth is safe to travell, free from Theeves.
Some works by night are happiest brought to passe,
Or when the morning starre bedewes the grasse.
By night your stubble and dry Meadowes mow,
For night fairre moysture doth on them bestow.
Some sit up late at winter-fires, and fit
Their sharp edg'd tools, the while their wives do sit
Beside them carding Wooll, and there make light
With songs the tedious labour of the night.
Or boyle new wine from crudities, and skim
The bubbling froth off from the Caldrons brim.
But reape thy corne in the dayes heat and drought:
For dry-reap't corne will thresh more cleanly out.
In Summer naked plow thy ground, and sow:
Cold Winter rest on Plow-men doth bestow.
Then they enjoy what they before did gaine,
And with glad feasts each other entertaine.
The genial Winter to free joy invites
From care. Such are the Mariners delights,
When laden ships long absent from their home
Now deckt with garlands to the haven come.
Besides the Winter is a season fit
To gather Ackorns, and ripe Berries get

Of

Of bayes, of Olive trees, and myrtles red.
To catch wild cranes in ſprindges, and to ſpred
Toiles for red Deere; the long ear'd Hare to ſtart,
And fallow Deere with a loop'd Spaniſh dart
Wel thrown to kill, whē with deep ſnow the ground
Is hid, and rivers with ſtrong ice are bound.
The ſtormes of Autumne why ſhould I relate?
When dayes grow ſhorter, and more moderate
The heat? what care good husbands entertaine?
Or when the showery ſpring doth promiſe raine?
Whē all the fields with greene ear'd corne are proud
And tender blades the ſwelling graine doe ſhroud?
I oft haue ſeene, when corne was ripe to mow,
And now in dry, and brittle ſtraw did grow,
Winds from all quarters oppoſitely blow.
By whoſe dire force the full ear'd blades were torne
Vp by the roots, and into th' aire were borne:
No otherwiſe than when blacke whirle winds riſe,
And toſſe dry ſtraw and ſtubble to the skies.
Oft fall huge guſts of water from the ſky,
And all the full-ſwell'd clouds whirle from on high
Black ſhowers & ſtormes about: the thunders noiſe
Even rends high heaven, and falling raine deſtroyes
All crops, and all that th' Oxens toile has done.

Dikes

Dikes fill, with ſound the ſwelled rivers run;
The ſeas with troubled agitations moue.
In midſt of that tempeſtuous night, great *Ioue*
From a bright hand his winged thunder throwes:
Which ſhakes the earth; beaſts fly; ſad terror goes
Through mortall breaſts. His burning dart doth aw
Rhodope, Athos, th'high Ceraunia.
The ſhowery South winds double now, and round
The woods doe murmure, and beate ſhores reſound.
For feare of this obſerue the moneths and ſignes:
Marke to what houſe *Saturns* cold ſtar inclines:
And with what planet *Mercurie* doth joyne.
But firſt giue worſhip to the powers divine:
Offer to (*i*) *Ceres* yeately ſacrifice
With feaſts upon the graſſe, when winter is
Quite ſpent, and now the ſpring doth freſh appeare,
Then lambs are fat, then wines are purg'd & cleare:
The ſhady mountaines then ſweet ſleeps afford.
Let her by all thy plowmen be ador'd:
Let honey, milke, and wine be offered
To her, and th'happy ſacrifice be led
About the new come thrice, whilſt every one
Followes with joyfull acclamation,
Imploring *Ceres* favour; and let none

Preſume to thruſt a ſickle into corne,
Vnleſſe with oaken wreathes he firſt adorne
His head, and dance unartificially
With hymnes of praiſe to *Ceres* Deity.
And that by certaine tokens we might know (blow,
When heat will come, when raine, when winds ſhall
Great *Ioue* ordained monethly what the Moone
Should teach, what ſignes foretell, when winds goe
That husbandmen, marking what oft befals (down,
Know when to keepe their cattle in the ſtals.
Iuſt ere the winds ariſe, the Sea ſwels high,
Great noiſe is heard from all the mountaines nigh,
Then hollow murmurs through the woods you hear,
And all the ſhoares reſounding far and neare.
Then Seas are ill to Saylors evermore,
When Cormorants fly crying to the ſhore
From the mid-ſea, when Sea fowle paſtime make
Vpon dry land, when Herns the ponds forſake,
And mounted on their wings doe fly aloft.
You may diſcerne, when winds are riſing, oft
The ſtarres in heaven doe ſeeme to fall, and make
Through nights darke ayre a long and fiery tracke.
Off ſtraw and withered leaues in th'aire fly up,
And feathers ſwimme upon the waters top.

But

But when it lightens from the boiſtrous North,
And th'Eaſt, and Weſterne houſes thunder forth,
The Lands ore flow'd, the Dikes fill'd every where,
And Marriners wet ſayles on th' Ocean beare,
The ſtorme can nere thee unawares ſurpriſe,
For from the Vallies, ere it thence ariſe,
The Cranes doe fly, the Bullocke upward throwes
His head, and ſnuffs the ayre into his noſe;
The ſubtle Swallow flyes about the brooke,
And querulous Frogs in muddy pooles doe croke.
Th'induſtrious Aunt through narrow paths doth
Her egges along from out her little hole. (role
The Rain-bow ſeemes to drinke the waues, & home
The Crowes in mighty ſholes from feeding come,
And clap their wings aloud; Sea-fowles, and thoſe
That feed along where faire *Cayſter* flowes
Through th'Aſian meadowes, you may often ſee
Bathing themſelues in water greedily.
They oft diue downe, and ſwimming to and fro
A gl[illegible], though vaine, deſire of waſhing ſhow.
Then with full throats the wicked Rooks call on
The raine, and wander on the ſhores alone,
Offring their heads to the approaching ſhowres.
As maids in ſpinning ſpend the nights late hou[illegible]s,

Then burning lamps the ſtorme enſuing ſhew,
Th'oile ſparkles, theeues about the ſnuffe doe grow.
By no leſſe true, and certaine ſignes may we
Faire dayes and ſun-ſhine in a ſtorme foreſee.
For then the ſtars aſpects are cleare to us,
Nor does the moone ariſe obnoxious
Vnto her brothers rayes, nor ore the sky
Doe little clouds like woolly fleeces fly:
The Thetis-lou'd Kings-fithers ſpread not then
Their wings againſt the ſun; nor Hogs uncleane
Prepare them heapes of ſtraw to lye upon.
But to the loweſt vales the clouds fall downe.
The fatall owle high mounted at ſun-ſet,
Does not the balefull evening ſong repeat.
Niſus his wings in th'ayre aloft diſplayes,
And for his purple lock falſe Scylla payes.
Where ever Scylla through the ayre doth fly,
Niſus, her fierce and cruell enemy,
With eager flight purſues; from thence where he
Appeares, with fearefull wing doth Scylla fly.
The Ravens with a loud, and ſtrained throat
From their high neſt doe oft repeat their note,
And 'mongſt the leaues they croake together all
As taken with a joy unuſuall;

It

It does them good, the ſtorme now ſpent, to ſee
Their neſts of young ones, and deare progeny.
I doe not think that all theſe creatures haue
More wiſedome than the fates to mankind gaue;
But thus; as tempeſts, as th'unconſtant skies
Doe change their courſe, as ſeverall winds ariſe
In th'aire, and doe condenſe, or rarifie,
Iuſt ſo their natures alter inſtantly.
Their breaſts receiue impreſſions different;
As ſome by calmes, ſo ſome by ſtormes are ſent.
Hence that conſent of joy or woe doth flow
Which croaking ravens, fowle, and cattle ſhow.
But if that to the ſwiftly moving ſun
Thou looke for ſignes, or to the following moone,
The next dayes weather thou maieſt know, nor be
Deceiv'd by a faire evenings treacherie.
Be ſure great ſtormes by ſea and land enſue,
When firſt the Moone doth her wan'd light renue,
If then her dulled hornes darke ayre embrace.
But if a redneſſe hide her virgin face
It will be windy; that complexion
In her ſhewes wind. But in the fourth new Moone
(For that's the certain'ſt author) if moſt cleare,
And free from dimneſſe her bright hornes appeare,

That day, and all the following daies ſhall be,
Till the moneths end, from raine and tempeſts free.
To *Panopea*, *Glaucus*, *Ino's* boy
The ſaved Marriners ſhall pay with joy
Their vowes upon the ſhore. But ſur'ſt of all,
And beſt the Sunne, when he doth riſe, or fall
Into the Ocean, doth thoſe rules beſtow,
When he or yeelds to night, or morne doth ſhow.
When full of ſpots the riſing Sunne doth ſeeme,
Hid in a cloud, and in his middle-diſme,
Suſpect great raine; the moiſt Southwinde is nigh,
To Cattell, Corne, and Trees an enemy.
Or when thick clouds the morning Sunne do hide,
Yet round about his ſhining rayes are ſpi'de,
Or when *Aurora* with a count'nance pale
Leaves *Tithons* roſie bed, then ill from haile,
Which leapes into all houſes rattling hard,
Can thinne Vine leaves (alas) the cluſters guard.
Theſe ſignes more ſurely may obſerved be
About the ſetting Sunne; for oft we ſee
His face with various colours is oreſpred;
Azure betokens raine: a fiery red
Shewes winde. But if that redneſſe mix'd appeare
And full of little ſpots, then every where

Both

Both winde and raine together shall be seen.
In such a night, when that sad signe hath been,
Shall no perswasions make me venture ore
The Seas, or loose my Cables from the shore.
But when his Orbe both even and morne is bright,
Then let no feare of stormes thy minde affright.
The woods no windes but dry North winds shall
And last of all how all the night shall prove, (move.
Fló whence dry clouds the northren wind shall drive,
And what moist seasons the South winds shall give,
The Sun shall perfectly declare to thee,
And who dares taxe the Sunne of falsity?
He oft forewarnes us of blinde tumults nigh,
Of growing wars, and secret treachery.
He pitying Rome, when *Cæsar* murder'd dy'd,
In sable darknesse his bright head did hide,
And night eternall threaten'd th' impious age.
Then besides him did th' earth and seas presage:
The Dogs and fatall Birds sad signes did yield.
How often then into the *Cyclops* field
Did Ætna's burning caverne overflow,
And globes of fire, and melted stones did throw?
The trembling Alps did shake; ore all the sky
A noise of armes was heard in Germany.

In ſolitary groues were often heard
Affrighting voices, and pale ghoſts appear'd.
When night began, the beaſts 'gainſt nature ſpake;
Floods ſtopt their courſes, the cleft earth did make
Wide chinks; on ſtatues, which our temples kept,
The braſſe did ſweat, the mourning Ivory wept.
Swelling Eridanus the King of floods
With violence orethrew the lofty woods,
And ore the fields both beaſts and ſtals did beare.
Beaſts entrailes ſad, and threatning did appeare.
The Wels were fill'd with blood; in depth of night
The howling Wolues did greateſt Townes affright.
Nere flew more lightning through a welkin faire,
Nor mo portentuous comets fill'd the aire.
Therefore with equall enſignes once againe
Two Romã hoaſts fought on Philippi Plain. ſwoûds
The gods were pleas'd that our blood-dropping
Should twice(t)mannure Æmathiaes fatall grounds.
Ruſt-eaten piles and ſwords in time to come,
When crooked plowes dig up earth's fertile wombe,
The husbandman ſhall oft diſcover there,
And harrowes iron teeth ſhall every where
Rake helmets up; plow-men in graues ſo old,
Such large-ſiz'd bones ſhall wonder to behold.

Romulus,

Romulus Veſta, and yee native gods
That keepe by Tuſcan Tyber your abodes,
And Romes high pallaces, take not away
Young *Cæſar*, now the only ayde and ſtay
Of this diſtreſſed age; enough haue we
Already pay'd for Troyes old perjury.
The court of heaven already enuies us
Cæſar, for thee, that thou vouchſafeſt thus
Poore earthly triumphs to regard below.
For when ſuch miſchiefes, and dire wars did flow
Ore all the world, and right with wrong confound,
The plowes neglected lay, the fruitleſſe ground
Ore-grown with weeds, for want of tillers mourn'd,
And crooked ſickles into ſwords were turn'd.
Euphrates here, there Germany in armes
Was up; on tother ſide the loud alarmes
Fright neighbouring cities; all accords are broke,
And all the world with impious war is ſhooke.
So when ſwift chariots from the liſts are gone,
Their furious haſte increaſes as they run
In vaine the Charioter their courſe would ſtay,
Th'ungouern'd horſes hurry him away.

Finis libri primi.

Annotations upon the first BOOKE.

IT is not unknowne to any man, who is an abl
judge of this worke, that Virgil, thoug
Prince of the Roman Poets (for that title h
owne age freely affoorded him, and the judge
ment or modesty of succeeding times never de
tracted from him) did helpe his invention b
imitation of the Grecian Poets; & in this wor
of his Georgicks, (to speake nothing of his Ae
neids, or Bucolicks) he has taken his subje
from Ascræan Hesiod; as his owne verse in the
second booke modestly acknowledges.

Ascræumq; cano Romana per oppida carmen.

In this subject (though the learning of Virgi
must needs carry him upon other matters tha
Hesiod treated of, and his owne intent to ho
nour his native Italy, which was then mistres
of the conquer'd world, and to whose climat

and properties hee especially proportions this discourse of husbandry) he retaines in many things the Grecian way; he invokes their gods (men whose ancient worth had deified them to posterity) he builds upon many stories, which either the Greekes invented, or the distance of time has made posterity not to credit them as truths, but intitle them Poeticall stories. Some of these histories which are shortly mentioned in this Worke, I have thought fitting to relate here for the ease or delight of the English reader, entreating all readers to pardon me for striving onely to please them: (for to me it can adde nothing, since all men of judgement can tell how easily, and where I find them.) I have not mentioned them all; nor made a large comment upon the worke to extend it to an unnecessary bulke; but mentioned such only as I thought fitting.

(*b*) Staphilus

(b) Staphylus *the ſonne of* Sithneu, *and chiefe Shepheard to* Oeneus *king of Ætolia had obſerved that one of his Goates did often in feeding ſeparate it ſelfe from the reſt of the flocke, and by that feeding was growne fatter and better in liking than all the reſt. He upon a day reſolved to watch this goate, and found it feeding on a cluſter of grapes: he gathered ſome of the grapes, and wondring at the noveltie and rareneſſe of the fruit, preſented it to the King his Maſter. The King taſted it and wondrouſly pleaſed, and cheared with the juice of it, began to eſteeme it of great value inſomuch as not long after it ſo happened that the great* Bacchus *returning from his Indian conqueſts, was entertained at the court of this* Oeneus; *who preſented to* Bacchus *his new-found fruit.* Bacchus, *who before had learned the uſe of it, inſtructed the king how*

ow to continue the race, and the maner how
dresse, and perfect his vines; and ordained
ithall that the wine in the Greeke language
ould be called οἶνος, in honour of Oeneus,
d the grape σταφυλὴ, after the name of Sta-
ylus the kings shepheard.

(c) These Fauns are accounted the coun-
gods, and are thought alwaies to inhabite
the woods. The first of them was Faunus
ing of the Aborigines, the sonne of Picus, and
andchild of Saturne, who first reduced
e inhabitants of Italy to a civill life: hee
ilt Houses, and consecrated Woods; in ho-
ur of so great a merit as this, he was by his
nkefull posterity (as the custome was of
se times) consecrated a god, and his ora-
with great devotion kept in Abbunea an
lian wood. Of his name all Temples were
erwards called Fanes; hee married his
sister

ſiſter Fauna, *whom the Romans in after times honoured with great devotion, and called her* Bòna; *She gave Oracles to the Women, as her husband* Faunus *did unto the Men.*

(d) *The Fable is thus; When the famous City of Athens was founded, and* Neptune *and* Minerva *were in great contention who ſhould have the honour of naming the place, it pleaſed the gods to appoint it thus, that the honour ſhould accrew to that deity, who could beſtow the greateſt benefit upon mankinde. Vpon which ſentence* Neptune *with his trident ſtriking the ſhore, immediately a furious Horſe provided, and armed for the warre, was created by that ſtroke:* Minerva *caſting her javelin from her, of that javelin produced an Olive tree; which being a fruitfull and good plant, and the embleme of peace, was judged more uſefull and profitable to mankinde. The*

cauſ

ause why our Author invoketh Neptune *in his place, is, because he intendeth to speake of Horses in the third Booke of this worke. Which had beene else unfit in a discourse concerning affaires of Land to have invoked a god of the Sea.*

(e) Aristæus, *who is here invoked was reported the sonne of* Apollo, *and the Nymph* Cyrene: *This* Aristæus *the father of* Actæon, *who transformed into a stag (as* Ovid's *table delivers it) was devoured by his doggs, grieved for his sons death, departed from Thebes to the Iland Cæa, which was then destitute of inhabitants by reason of a pestilence which had there happened: This Cæa is an Iland in the Ægæan Sea; from whence hee sailed into Arcadia, and there ended the residue of his life. In Arcadia hee was honoured as a god after his death for teaching the*

the people that ſtrange myſterie of making Bees.

(f) *This youth here named the inventer of the Plow, is by moſt thought to be* Oſiris *the King, and afterward god of the Ægyptians. He was the firſt that ever taught the Ægyptians his country-men the vſe of Oxen for plowing of their ground. He was honoured by them as a god after his death for this great benefit; and worſhipped in the forme of an Oxe which was called* Apis, *in the city of Memphis. And in memory of this alſo* Iſis *the wife of that* Oſiris *was honoured as a goddeſſe, and had ſolemne ſacrifices, in which an eare of corne was carried before the pompe, and all Plow-men in harveſt time ſacrificed to her with the ſtraw of Wheat.*

(g) *The hiſtory of the birth, life, and deit of this god* Sylvanus *is thus reported; A ſhep-*

heard

heard, whose name was Cratis, abused to his lust a shee-Goat of his flocke: and when upon a time Cratis was sleeping by a rivers side, that hee-Goat, which used the company of the shee-Goat, in a jealous fury, assaulted Cratis with his hornes, and tumbled him into the river; from whose name the flood was afterwards called Cratis. This monstrous issue of the Shepheard and the Goat, when it was brought to light, resembled them both, and was a Goat in the nether parts, but in the upper it carryed the shape of a man. Being afterward brought up and growing in the Woods, the Shepheards astonished at so strange a shape, began to honour and adore him for a god, calling him Sylvanus, from the woods wherein he lived. This god Sylvanus was extreamely enamoured on a beauteous youth named Cyparissus,

who with great care had brought up a tame Deere; and when on a time the youth unhappily trying his Bow, had miſt the marke, and ſlaine unawares his beloved Deere, out of extremity and impatience of griefe he dyed. Sylvanus *lamenting the death of his minion* Cypariſſus, *fel downe weeping upon the dead body, and vowed never to depart from thoſe imbraces: which he continued ſo long untill the gods in pitie to* Sylvanus, *transformed the body of* Cypariſſus *into a tree, called, from him, the Cypreſſe tree, which ever after was a tree of mourning, and garniſhed great mens houſes at funeralls, as alſo the Poets mention; and* Sylvanus *is accounted the god protector of that tree.*

(h) Erigone *the virgin was the daughter of* Icarus *an Athenian ſhepheard, whoſe piety to her father was much renowned: inſomuch*

as

as that when her father was ſlaine (as ſhall be afterwards declared) ſhe never parted from the dead body, but dyed with him; and by the pitie of the gods, as Poets ſay, was taken up into heaven, and made a ſigne in the Zodiacke, called Virgo.

(i) *The Husbandmen in ancient time ſacrificed to* Ceres *the goddeſſe of Corne. They killed a fat Hog as the ſacrifice it ſelfe, a creature whoſe rooting endamages the corne. About this ſacrifice the whole Chorus of the Husbandmen danced in a rude inartificiall maner (for ſuch dances in Religion were accepted) and ſang ſonges in honour of the goddeſſe* Ceres, *who firſt invented Corne. They wore upon their heads branches of Oaken trees, in a thankefull remembrance of their old food: for before her bounty to mankinde had taught them the wayes of tilling and harveſt,*

the people lived upon Maſt and Acorns.

(κ) *For twice in that countrey the Romans fought in civill war: firſt* Iulius Cæſar *againſt* Pompey *the Great, afterward* Octavius Cæſar *and* Marcus Antonius *againſt* Marcus Brutus *and* Caius Caſſius.

FINIS.

GEORGICON.

The ſecond BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

THis Booke the nature of all trees deſcant,
Of fat-vin'd Olives, of beſt bearing Vines,
And other leſſe-fam'd plants; to every tree
Its proper climate, growth, and quality
Aſſignes; and teaches how to propagate,
How to ingraffe, tranſplant, enoculate.
With what rich fruit ſome happy lands are bleſt,
Which others want: and here 'bove all the reſt
Our poet doth inferre the praiſes high
Of his owne native fruitfull Italy; (knowne
Her meadowes, heards, fam'd townes, and rivers
To all the world; her nations of renowne,
And men of honour'd name. Laſt it diſcloſes
The bliſſe of Plow-men, if theirs bliſſe they knew.

THus much of tillage, and cœleſtiall ſignes;
Thee, *Bacchus*, now I ſing; and with thy vines

Other wilde Plants, and Olives ſlowly growing.
Hither, ô Father (for thy gifts are flowing
Ore all things here; the vineyards by thy care
With rich Autumnall fruitfull laden are,
And vinetages oreflow) oh hither daine
To come, great *Bacchus*, and when thou haſt tane
Thy buskins off, oh then vouchſafe with me
In new ſweet wine to dip thy bared thigh.
Nature on trees doth different births beſtow;
Some of themſelues without mans aide do grow,
And round the fields, and crooked rivers come,
As limber Oſiers, Poplars, tender broome,
And grey-leav'd Willowes; ſome from ſeed ariſe;
Such are the lofty Cheſt-nuts, and thoſe trees,
Which *Iove* his greateſt holds, th' high Æſculus,
And th' Oak by Greekes eſteem'd oraculous. (riſe
Some from their owne great roots make young ones
About them round, as Elmes and Cherry trees;
And young Parnaſſian bayes do often ſo
Vnder their mothers ſhadow ſhelter'd grow.
Theſe waies of planting nature firſt did bring:
So Trees, ſo Herbs, and ſacred Woods did ſpring.
But other waies experience ſince hath found.
Some plant yong ſhoots cut off from trees in ground,

Some

Some graffe young rooted ſtalks in deeper mould,
And ſharp croſſe-cloven ſtakes: ſome bow their old
Vines into ranges, propagating young,
Which thence in arches on both ſides have ſprung.
Some need no roots; the Pruner young ſlips cuts,
And them into the earth ſecurely puts.
And (wondrous to be told) an Olive tree
Out from a dry cut trunke oft ſprings we ſee.
And often are the branches of one tree
Into another graffed proſperouſly;
So from an Apple ſtocke ripe Peares do come,
And hard red cornoiles from a ſtock of Plumme.
Therefore be carefull, husbandmen, to know
What art belongs to every tree, and how
To make wilde trees by dreſſing better grow.
Keep no ground barren: *Iſmarus* will pleaſe
Bacchus, *Taburnus* will beare Olive trees.
And thou, (a) *Mecenas*, to whoſe grace I ow
My fame and glory, be propitious now;
Lend thy free favour to this ſubject plaine.
I dare not hope this Poeme ſhould containe
All parts of it, had I an hundred tongues,
To them an hundred mouthes, and iron lungs.
Waſt me from ſhore: the earth's deſcription's plain.

Nor will I here, *Mecenas* thee detaine
With Poets fictions, nor oppreſſe thine eare
With circumſtance, and long exordiums here.
Thoſe trees, which of themſelues ſhoot up in th' aire,
Do grow unfruitfully, but ſtrong and faire;
For in the ſoile their nature is; but theſe
If thou do take, and graffe in other trees,
Or elſe tranſplant them well, they'le quite forſake
Their barren nature, and moſt aptly take,
By dreſſing oft, what forme thou wouldſt beſtow.
The like thoſe trees, that ſpring from roots, will do;
If them to th' open fields thou do remoove;
But now their mothers leaves, and boughes above
Oreſhadow them, and make them barren trees.
But all thoſe plants, which do from ſeedes ariſe,
Grow ſlow, and ſhade to our grand-children give.
They ſtill degenerate the more they live.
Good grapes turne birds meat, grown extreamly bad,
And apples loſe the firſt good juce they had.
They muſt be mended all, well digg'd, and dreſt,
And by much labour tam'd; the Olive beſt,
And Venus Myrtle ſet in trunks do live,
And Vines the beſt by propagation thrive.
From ſmall ſlips ſet do Filberts grow, we ſee,

Love's

Iove's Oake, and great *Alcides* (*b*) Poplar tree,
The ſtately Aſhes, lofty Palmes, and Firs
Employ'd at ſea by ventrous Marriners.
Rough arbure ſlips into a hazell bough
Are oft ingraffed; and good Apples grow
Out of a Plaine trees ſtocke: the Cheſtnut beares
Ingrafted Beech; in tall wilde Aſhes Peares
Do flouriſh beſt; from Elmes Oake-acorns fall
To Hogs; nor are the wayes alike in all
How to ingraffe, how to inoculate.
For where the tender rinde opening of late
Shot forth a bud, juſt at that knot they cut
A little hole; into that hole they put
A budding ſhoot tane from another tree;
The rinde then cloſing makes them proſperouſly
Together grow. But if the trunke be free
From knots, they cleave the trunke of ſuch a tree
With wedges, putting fruitfull ſlips therein;
Within ſhort time th' ingrafted ſlips begin
To grow to proſperous height; the tother tree
Wonders ſuch ſtranger fruit, and leaves to ſee.
Nor are the waies alike in all of theſe,
In Willowes, Lotes, Idæan Cypreſſes,
And ſturdy Elmes, nor in one maner do

All

All kindes of Olives, the long Radii grow,
Nor Olives orchites, or Pausia nam'd,
Nor apples, nor Alcinous fruit so fam'd.
Nor must all shootes of Peares alike be set,
Crustumian, Syrian peares, and wardens great.
Nor hang the Vines upon our trees as do
Those that in Lesbian Methymna grow.
The Thasian Vines in barren soile abound:
The Mareotike thrive in richer ground;
The Psithian grapes are best of all to dry.
Besides these, strong Lagæan wines there be,
Whose strength makes Drunkards stagger, and dot
Their tongues; rath-ripe, and purple grapes there be
But in what verse shall I enough commend
The Rhetian grape? yet let it not contend
With the Tabernian. Aminean Vines
There are besides, which beare the firmest wine.
Cilician, and Phanæan grapes there are,
And white grapes lesse than those; none may com
With these for store of juice, and lasting long.
Nor will I passe thy vintage in my song
O Rhodes, for feasts and sacrifices fam'd;
Nor that great grape from a Cowes-udder nam'd.
But all the kindes, and names of grapes that are

T

'Tis numberleſſe and needleſſe to declare.
Which he, that ſeekes to do, as ſoon may know
How many Libyan ſands the Weſt winds blow;
Or when fierce Eurus 'gainſt the Sailers roares,
How many waves rowle to th' Iônian ſhores.
Nor can all grounds bring forth all plants we ſee;
By rivers Willowes proſper: th' Alder tree
On moriſh grounds: on rocky mountaines grow
Wilde Aſhes: Myrtles on the ſhores below;
Vines love warme open heights; the Northren cold
Makes Yew-trees proſper. And againe behold
The conquer'd Worlds fartheſt inhabitants,
Eaſterne Arabians, painted Scythians.
See there all trees their proper countreys know;
In India only does black Eben grow:
None but Sabæa boaſts of Frankincenſe.
Why ſhould I name that fragrant wood, from whence
Sweet Balſam ſweats? the berries or the buds
Of Bearſ-foot ever greene? thoſe hoary woods
Of Æthiopia cloath'd with ſnowy wooll?
Or how the Seres their rich fleeces pull
Frō leaves of trees? or thoſe fair woods, which grow
Neere to the Indian ſea, whoſe higheſt bough
No Arrowes flight can reach? none ſhoot ſo high,

Although

Although their Nā[illegible] no bad Archers be.
Slow-taſted Apples Media doth produce,
And bitter too, but of a happy vſe;
Than which no ſurer Antidote is known,
T' expell a poyſon-temper'd potion,
When cruell ſtep-dames their ſad cups have us'd,
With charming words, and baneſull herbs infus'd.
The tree is faire, juſt like a Laurell tree,
And were indeed a Laurell perfectly,
But that their ſmels far differ; no winds blaſt
Shakes off her leaves, her bloſſomes ſtill ſtick faſt.
With this the Mede ſhort-winded old men eaſes,
And cures the Lungs unſavory diſeaſes.
But not the richeſt land, nor Median woods,
Not golden Hermus, nor faire Ganges floods
May ought for praiſe contend with (e) Italy,
Nor faire Panchaia fam'd for ſpicery,
Baſtra, nor India; no Bulls, that blow
Fire from their noſtrels, did that Region plow:
No Dragons teeth therein were ſow'd, to beare
A crop of Souldiers arm'd with ſhield and ſpeare,
Beſides this land a ſpring perpetuall ſees,
Twice breeding Cattell, twice fruit-bearing trees,
And ſummers there in moneths unuſuall ſhine;

t no wilde Tigers in that coaſt are ſeene,
o ſivage Lions breed, nor in that land
e poiſonous (e) herbs deceive the gatherers hand.
o huge and ſcaly Snake on thoſe faire grounds
ikes fearefull tracks, or twines in hideous rounds.
dde to all theſe ſo many ſtructures faire
beauteous Cities, of ſtrong Townes, that are
nced with rocks impregnable, and how
nder thoſe Antient walls great Rivers flow.
ill I inſiſt on thoſe two ſeas that flow
out Italy, above it and below?
her great lakes? thee mighty Larius?
thee tempeſtuous ſea-like Benacus?
praiſe her havens? or the Lucrine lake?
here the impriſon'd Iulian waters make
loud and wrathfull noiſe, through which the great
a-tides into Avernus lake are let?
ides the land abounds with metals ſtore,
ith veines of ſilver, gold and brazen ore;
nurture Nations bold, the Marſians,
he fierce Sabellians, dart-arm'd Volſcians,
urdy Liguriens; in particular
he Decii, Marii, thoſe brave names of war,
ne great Camilli, valiant Scipio's,

And

And thee, great *Cæsar*, now victorious
In Asia's utmost bounds, whose conquering power
From flying Indians guard the Roman towers.
Haile *Saturne* land in riches great, and great
In men; for thee I will presume t' entreat
Of th' ancient praysed arts, ope sacred springs,
And through Romes townes A screan poems sing.
Now all soiles severall natures let us see,
Their strengths, their colours, and ferality.
First barren hils, and hard unfruitfull ground,
Where clay is scarce, and gravell doth abound,
Is good for *pallas* long-liv'd Olive tree.
For in such soiles we by experience see
Wilde Olive trees doe in abundance grow,
And all the fields with their wilde Olives throw.
But ground more fertile, with sweet moisture fill'd,
Well cloath'd with grasse, and fruitfull to be till'd,
(Such as in valleyes we doe oft espy,
Whither the waters flow from hils on high,
Leaving a fruitfull slime) where South-winds blow
And Brakes, great hinderers of all plowing, grow,
Will yeeld thee spreading vines, and full of juice,
And lusty wines, such as we sacrifice
In golden goblets to the gods, as soon

As the ſwoln Tuſcan trumpeter has done
His ſounding at the Altar, which we load
With reeking entrailes brought in Chargers broad.
But if thou rather Heards, or Calves wouldſt keep,
Or Goats, whoſe grazing burns the fields, or Sheep;
Then ſeek Tarentums lawnes, and fartheſt coaſt,
Such fields as happleſſe Mantua has loſt,
Where ſnowy Swans feed in the meadowes neere
The rivers ſide; nor graſſe, nor water there
Thy Heards can want; what graſſe they eat by dayes,
The dewy night back to the field repayes.
But ground in colour blacke, and fat below,
Putrid and looſe (for ſuch we wiſh to plow)
Is beſt for corne; for from no ground do come
More laden waggons, and tir'd Oxen home.
Or where of late the Plow-man grubb'd up wood,
Which quiet there for many yeares had ſtood,
And birds old neſts has from the roott orethrown;
They reſt of dwellings now from thence are flown;
The new-made ground once plow'd moſt fruitfull grows.
Courſe barren ſand, & hilly ſcarce beſtows
Caſia, and flowers for Bees to feed upon,
Nor chaulk, nor that ſo ſoft though rugged ſtone
Eat by black ſnakes; no ground on ſnakes ſo good

Cloſe

Cloſe holes beſtowes, nor ſuch delitious food.
But that rich land, which doth exhale like ſmoakes
Thin vapors up, that ſhowrs of raine in ſoakes,
And when the lifts returns them forth againe,
Whoſe mould with ruſt the iron doth not ſtaine,
Which cloaths her ſelfe in her owne graſſie greene;
That Land (as well in tillage may be ſeene)
Is good to paſture cattell, good to plow,
Their Vines and Olives proſperouſly grow.
Such Lands by Capua, by Veſuvius high,
And Clanius, that orefl owes Acerræ, ly.
How to diſcerne each ſoile Ile teach thee now,
Which mould is thick, and which is looſe to know.
(For one *Lyæus* tother *Ceres* loves:
Vines love looſe grounds, corn beſt in thickeſt proves)
Chooſe with thine eye that piece that is moſt plaine;
There digge a pit, and then throw in againe
The clods and earth, and tread them ſtrongly in;
If they'le not fill the pit, the ſoile is thin,
And beſt for Vineyards, and for paſture graſſe;
But if the clods do more than fill the place,
The earth is thick and ſolid; try that ſoile,
And plow it well, though hard and full of toile.
That earth that's ſalt, or bitter, bad for ſowing,

(For

(For that will never be made good by plowing,
Nor vines, nor apples planted there, abide
In their firſt generous taſt) may thus be tride;
Take a thick-woven Oſier colander,
Through which the preſſed wines are ſtrained clear,
And put a piece of that bad earth into it
Well mixt with the water, & then ſtraine them through
You ſhall perceive the ſtruggling water flow, (it,
And in great drops will through the Oſiers goe.
But by the taſte you may diſcerne it plaine;
The bitterneſſe will make the taſter ſtraine
His countenance awry. So you may know
By handling, whether ground be fat or no;
Leane earth will crumble into duſt: but thicke
Like pitch fat earth will to your fingers ſticke.
Moiſt land brings forth tall graſſe, and oft is found
Too rich; oh give not me ſo ranke a ground,
Nor let it corne's young huſks too richly raiſe.
Earth that is heavie her owne weight betrayes,
And ſo of light; our eyes doe judge aright
The colour of the land or blacke or white.
But to find out that cunning quality
Of cold in grounds, of all, will hardeſt be;
Yet that the trees, which proſper there, will ſhew.

Pith trees, blacke Ivie, and the balefull Yew.
These things consider'd well, remember thou
Long before hand in furrowes deepe to plow
And breake the earth; then let it lye thus broke
Expos'd to North-east-winds and winters shock,
Before thou plant thy fruitfull Vines therein,
For they thriue best in rotten ground, and thin.
The Winds and hoary Frosts, after the toile
Of digging (Husbandmen) will rot the soile.
But he, that throughly vigilant will be,
Must find a place out for a nurcerie
Iust like the place he plants in, least a tree
Transplanted doe not with the soyle agree,
And he, to plant it as it was, must marke
The Heavens foure quarters on the tender barke,
To know how every tree did stand, which side
Endur'd the South, which did the North abide,
And let their former situation stand.
Consider then if Plaine or mountaine Land
Be best for Vines; if plain good ground thou choose
Then plant them thicke; the Grapes can nothing
Be their thick standing there; if on a Hill (loose
Thou plant, with measure, and exactest skill,
Set them in rowes by equall distance held;

As

As when an Army's ranged in the field,
And ſtands for triall of a mighty day;
In equall ſquadrons they themſelues diſplay
Ore the broad field, which ſeemes with glittering armes
To moue, before the battles fierce alarmes
Doe ſound, and Mars to both ſtands doubtfull yet.
So trees at equall diſtance ranked ſet,
Not only to delight thy proſpect there,
But cauſe the ground can no way elſe conferre
To all an equall vigour, nor can they
Haue roome at large their branches to diſplay.
Perchance how deepe to dig thy furrowes now
Thou'dſt learne. Thy Vines in ſhallow ones, will grow
But other trees more deepely digg'd muſt be;
Chiefly th'Æſculean Oake, who ſtill more high
He lifts his branches in the ayre, more low
His root doth downe-ward to Avernus goe.
Therefore no winds, nor winter ſtormes orethrow
Thoſe Trees; for many yeares unmov'd they grow,
And many ages of mankind outweare,
And ſpreading their faire branches here and there,
Themſelues 'ith midſt doe make a ſtately ſhade.
Let not thy Vineyards to the Weſt be made,
Nor plant thou Haſels 'mongſt thy Vines, nor yet

Lop off their higheſt branches, which are beat
With winds, nor prune them with blunt knifes, nor
Wild Olive trees 'mongſt other Olives ſet. (yet
For unawares fire oft is ſcattered;
Which in the dry fat rinde conceal'd, and fed
Seizes the tree, the leaues and branches takes,
And through the ayre a crackling noiſe it makes,
Till on the top it reigne with victory
Involving all the wood in flames, and fly
Like a blacke pitchy cloud up to the ſky,
Eſpecially if ſtormy winds doe lye
Vpon the wood, the flames about to beare.
When this doth chance, the Olives burned there
Spring from the root no more in their firſt ſtate,
But to wild Olives doe degenerate.
Let none perſwade thee then, how wiſe ſo ere,
When Boreas blowes, the harden'd earth to ſtir;
Winter congeales the ground, and ſuffers not
The trees new ſet in th'earth to ſpread their root.
But when the golden ſpring doth firſt appeare,
And that white bird is come, whom ſerpents feare,
Is the beſt time of all to plant thy vines:
The next is when the Autumnall cold begins;
When now the ſun ſhortens the dayes, and done

The

The Summer is, yet winter not begun. (leanes;
The Spring's the time that cloaths the woods with
The earth then ſwels, and ſeed with joy receiues.
Then *Iue* Almighty downe deſcends, and powres
Into the earths glad boſome fruitfull showres,
And mixt with her great body, he doth feed
All births of hers, and foſter every ſeed.
Each buſh with loudly chirping birds is grac'd;
Beaſts at ſet times the joyes of *Venus* taſt:
The ground ſtirr'd up by Zephyres warmer wind
Opens her ſelfe, and brings forth fruit in kind.
Young blooming trees dare truſt the nſelues unto
The Sun new mounted; the vine branches now
Feare not the riſing Southren winds, nor yet
The North-East-wind, that cauſes tempeſts great.
But ſhoot their bloſſomes forth, & ſpread their leafe.
No other dayes but ſuch (tis my beliefe)
When firſt the world beginning had, were known;
Th' earth had no other tenor; Spring alone,
And that perpetuall, the great world enjoy'd;
No East-winds winter blaſts that age annoy'd,
When firſt all Cattle their beginning had,
When of the earth man-kinds hard race was made,
When wild Beaſts fill'd the woods, & ſtars the ſky.

Nor could the tender creatures eaſily
Endure this change; but heaven to make amends
Twixt heat and cold this temper'd ſeaſon ſends.
What plants ſo ere thou ſetſt in th'earth, be ſure
Cover them well, and with fat dung manure;
Put ſhels and ſandy ſtones therein; twixt them
Moiſture will flow, and thin exhalings ſteame;
From whence the plants will gather heart. Some lay
Great ſtones at top, & veſſels of thick clay, (ſound,
Which from all ſtormes will guard and fence them
This when the dog-ſtar cleaues the thirſty ground.
And when thou planſt thy Vines dig round about
To bring good ſtore of earth to every root;
Or exerciſe thy ſtruggling Steeres, to plow
The ground in furtowes deepe twixt every row.
Then get light reeds, ſmooth wands, & aſhen ſtakes
With horned forkes, whoſe ſupportation makes
Young Vines contemne the winds, and to the top
Of Elmes to clime by broad-ſpread branches up.
But when their leaues doe firſt begin to be,
And new-growne branches from ſupporting free
Shoot looſe into the ayre; then ſpare to uſe
The pruning knife ſo ſoone, and rather chooſe
The leaues ſuperfluous with thy hands to pull.

But

But when embracing Elmes with armes more full
And ſtrong, they grow; then confidently pare
Their leaues and branches too; before they ſcare
The pruning knife; then doe not ſpare the ſame;
But their ſuperfluous growth with rigour tame.
Then make ſtrong hedges to keepe cattle out,
Young beaſts eſpecially, and yet unwrought.
Wild Bulls and greedy Goats more harme will doe
Then ſcorching Summers, and cold Winters too.
There Sheepe will browze, and feeding Heifers goe.
The Winters hoary Froſts and falling Snow,
And parching Suns that burne the hardeſt rocks,
Endammage Vines leſſe than thoſe greedy flocks,
Their browzing teeth doe venome leaue behind,
And killing ſcars upon the ſtocke and rinde.
No other fault there was, that (d) Goats did dye
At *Bacchus* Altars, and th'old Comœdie
VVas celebrated, that th' Athenian playes
In Villages, and all croſſe-meeting wayes,
Were grac'd; and men, ore meadowes in their pots
Did dance about th' annointed (e) skins of Goats.
Th'Italian Nations alſo ſprung from Troy
Singing Saturnian rythms with open joy
And laughter looſe, horrid diſguiſes wore

Of hollow'd barks of trees, and did adore
With hymnes of mirth, *Bacchus*, thy power divine,
And virgins (*f*) ſtatues on the lofty pine
Did hang. Then vineyards fruitfully did beare,
All vales, and lawnes were fertile every were,
VVhere ere the god his beauteous head doe ſhew.
Therefore let us theſe rites to *Bacchus* doe
In our owne mother language, offering
Full cups, and wafers; and to th' Altar bring
A guilty goat led by the hornes, and his
Fat entrailes roſt on ſpits, of cornoile trees.
Beſides in dreſſing vines more paines is ſhewen,
To which there never can enough be done;
For every yeare the ground muſt digged be
Three or foure times, and plow'd eternally;
The leaues muſt oft be gathered; all the paine,
That husbandmen beſtow, returnes againe;
His owne ſteps backe the circling yeare doth tread.
And when the vines their leaues in Autumne ſhed,
And all the woods of cloathing robbed are
By North-eaſt-winds, even then th'induſtrious
Of th'husbandman unto the following yeare (care
Extends it ſelfe; then he begins to pare
The vine with *Saturn's* crooked hooke, and right

By

By skilfull pruning to refaſhion it.
Firſt dig the ground: firſt burne the ſhreds cut off:
And lay thy reſts up dry within thy roofe;
Gather thy vintage laſt. Leaues twice orethade
The vines, as twice the rank-grown weeds invade
Young corn. Both which require great toile to mend.
Till thou a little farme, though thou commend
A great one. And beſides ſharpe twigs of thorne
From woods, and reeds on bankes of rivers borne,
Thou for thy vines muſt cut, and carefull be
For willow groues, which elſe neglected lye.
Now when the vines are bound, & prun'd, and all:
And th' husband ſings about the vineyard wall;
Yet there remaines a care, to duſt them there,
And ſtormes, even when the grapes are ripe, to feare.
Contrariwiſe unto the Oliue tree
No dreſſing doth belong, nor needeth ſhe
The crooked hooke, nor harrow, when once faire
She ſtands in ground, and once has felt the ayre.
The earth it ſelfe, when furrow'd by the plow,
Doth food enough on her, and corne beſtow.
Therefore the fat and fruitfull Oliue nouriſh.
So th' Apple tree in a full ſtocke doth flouriſh,
And once full growne up to the ſky ſhe towres

By her owne ſtrength, and needs no helpe of ours.
So of themſelues VVild Woods, and every Buſh
Beare fruit, and with Vermilion berries bluſh;
Low ſhrubs are ſhorn, brands on high trees do grow,
That feed the nightly fire, and light beſtow.
And doubt men yet to plant, and care beſtow?
(To leaue great trees) Willowes and Broome ſo low
Do cooling ſhades to ſheepe and Sheepheards giue,
Hedges for corne, and food for Bees to liue.
How pleaſantly with Boxe Cytorus flowes?
With her Pitch trees how faire Marcia ſhewes?
Oh how it pleaſes me thoſe fields to ſee.
That need no plowes, nor humane induſtry!
Thoſe barren Woods on Caucaſus high hill,
VVhich ſtrong Eaſt-vvinds do vvaue, and rattle ſtil,
Haue each their ſeuerall uſe; Pines for the Seas;
For Houſes Cypreſſe, and tall Cedar trees. (take:
From hence the Plovv-men Spokes for vvheeles doe
Covers for VVaines, & Keeles for Ships they make.
VVillovves do uſefull tvvigs afford, Elmes ſhade;
Of Cornoile trees, and Myrtles darts are made:
Yevv trees to make ſtrong Parthian Bovves, are
Tile trees, & pliant Boxe may be beſtovv'd (bovv'd;
Hollovv'd, or turn'd, in formes, and vſes good;

Light

Light alderne barks doe ſwim the Po's rough floud;
In rotten-holme ſtocks, and the rindes of trees
You oft may find the hony-combes of Bees.
What benefits like theſe come from the Vine?
That cauſes guilt. The Centaures fill'd with wine
Great *Rhætus*, *Pholus*, and *Hylæus* dy'd.
When they with pots the Lapithees defi'd.
Oh too happy, if their bliſſe they knew,
Plaine Husbandmen; to whom the earth with true
And bounteous juſtice, free from bloody war
Returnes an eaſie food; who, though they are
Not early wak'd in high-roof'd Pallaces
When waiting Clients come; though they poſſeſſe
No Poaſts, which Indian ſhels adorne in ſtate,
No gold embroydred cloaths, Corinthian plate,
Nor rich Aſſyrian ſcarlet; nor abuſe
With ſweeteſt Caſia the plaine ſimple uſe
Of oyle; yet reſt ſecure, a harmeleſſe life
Enrich'd with ſeverall bleſſings, free from ſtrife,
Coole caues, darke ſhady groues, & fountaines clear,
Untroubled ſleeps, and cattles lowing there,
And pleaſant huntings want not; there they liue
By labour and ſmall wealth; honour they giue
Unto their gods and parents; juſtice tooke

Her

Her last steps there, when the the earth forsooke.
But let the sacred Muse, whose Priest I am,
Me aboue all with her sweet loue inflame;
Teach me each star, each heavenly motion,
The oft eclipses of the Sun and Moone,
The cause of Earth-quakes: why the swelling maine
Rises, and falls into it selfe againe:
Why VVinter suns so soone haste to the sea:
VVhat makes the Summer nights so short to be.
But if dull blood, which 'bout my heart doth flow,
These parts of nature will not let me know;
Then let me (fameles) loue the fields and woods,
The fruitfull water'd vales, and running floods.
Those plains, where clear Sperchius runs, that mount
VVhere Spartan Virgins to great *Bacchus* wont
To sacrifice, or shady vales that lye
Vnder high Hæmus, let my dwelling be.
Happy is he that knowes the cause of things!
That all his feares to due subjection brings,
Yea fate it selfe, and greedy Acheron!
Yea happy sure is he, who ere has knowen
The rurall gods, *Sylvanus*, and great *Pan*,
And all the sister Nymphs! that happy man
Nor peoples voices, nor Kings purple moue:

Nor

Nor dire ambition ſundring brothers loue:
Nor th' Iſtrian Dacians fierce conſpiracies:
Nor Romes eſtate, nor falling monarchies.
He ſees no poore, whoſe miſerable ſtate
He ſuffers for; he envies no mans fate;
He eats ſuch fruits as of their owne accord
The willing grounds, and laden trees afford;
He ſees no wrangling courts, no lawes undone
By ſword, nor peoples forc'd election.
Some ſearch the Seas hid pathes, ſome ruſh to war,
In Courts of Kings others attendants are.
One would his countrey, and deare gods deſtroy,
That he himſelfe might drinke in gems, and lye
On purple beds; another hoards up gold,
And ever wakes his hidden wealth to hold.
The pleading bars another doth admire,
And high applauſe from every ſeat deſire
Plebeians, and Patritians; ſome for goods
Their guilty hands embrue in brothers bloods.
Some from their houſes and deare countries rome
In baniſhment, to ſeeke a forreine home:
VVhileſt the induſtrious husband plowes the ſoile,
And takes the profit of his yearely toyle.
VVith which his houſe and countrey too he ſerues,

And

And feeds his Heards,& the Oxe that well deserues.
No fruitlesse time ;young Cattle still are bred,
Or corne is reap'd,or fruits are gathered,
Corne that the furrowes hides, and barnes doth fill
VVhen VVinter comes, Oyle in the Olive mill
They make ; and Porkers fat with Acorns grow ;
The VVoods yield Crabs,but Autumne does bestow
All kinds of pleasant fruit ; the grapes hang by
Hot sunny wals,and ripen perfectly.
Meane while his pretty children kissing cull
His neck : his house is chast ; with Vdders full
His Kine come home ; and in the shrowery Medes
His frisking Kids doe butt with tender heads.
He feasts himselfe upon the graffie ground,
VVhilst 'bout the fire carowsing cups are crowned ;
And *Bacchus* is invoked in sacrifice ;
Then 'mongst his herdsmen makes a darting prize,
And sets the marke upon an Elme ; or they
Prepar'd for wrastling,their hard limbs display.
Such liues as this the ancient Sabines led,
And so were *Romulus* and *Remus* bred ;
So grew renowned Tuscany to fame,
So Rome the greatest of all lands became,
And in one wall did seven great hils containe.

And

And thus before Dictæan *Ioue* did raigne,
And impious nations on ſlaine cattle fed,
His life on earth the golden Saturne led.
No clatſicks ſounded then nor mortall blade
Of ſwords, the Smiths laborious anvile made.
But we enough haue now produc'd our courſe,
And time it is to eaſe our weari'd horſe.

FINIS.

Annotations upon the ſecond Booke.

CAius (a) Mecænas, *that famous cheriſher of good learning, to whom our Poet in this place acknowledges ſo much, was a Gentleman of Etruria, in high favour with* Auguſtus Cæſar, *and in great imployment of State under him. Hee was in his friendſhip with learned men, not onely bountifull, but judicious in the placing of his bounty, and*

and aboue all others fortunate in the choise of the men. Among all the Poets, in that wise age wherein hee lived, Virgil and Horace were the onely two, which I can finde, whose meane fortunes exceded his liberalitie, as well as their vertues deserved his acquaintance: how liberall hee was, their often acknowledgements in their Workes, haue testified to the world: how judicious or fortunate hee was in those mens acquaintance, no age of the world hath since beene ignorant; his name having beene generally vsed for the loue of learning, no lesse than Cæsar's for Imperiall dignity (though there were, both in that and the following ages, as Iuvenall witnesseth in his seventh Satyr, other men of honourable name and esteeme in Rome, who were lovers of such things, as Fabius Cotta, Proculeius, Lentulus, &c.) Those Lords

Lords either fayled in judgement in the choyse of their friends, or the injury of their times afforded them not wits able enough to raise their fames; since we finde not any such manifest honour done to their memories as to this Mecænas, *whose fortune it was, that* Virgil *and* Horace *should live in his time; and in such estates, as to need his beauty for his owne honour: which is not a thing incident to every age, though witty* Martial *in an Epigram of his could speake thus,*

Sint Mecænates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.

yet the contrary by experience hath oft beene found. Maroes *have beene borne when no* Mecænases *have lived to cherish them (as* Homer, *the wonder of posterity, in his owne time little esteemed) and* Mecænases *have lived and wanted* Maroes. *What Monarch in the world was ever more desirous of fame in that kinde,*

and more able to requite than Alexander *the Great? He that ſo much honoured the memory of* Homer, *and at the ſacking of Thebes ſpared all the poſterity of the Poet* Pindarus, *found in his owne time no able Poet to celebrate his fame. There were in his time (as* Arianus *witneſſeth in the life of* Alexander) *many Poets, who would have written of him, and ſtirred up by the greatneſſe of his actions, or mooved with hopes from his knowne bounty, had written in the praiſe of him; but ſuch and ſo poore were their inſpirations, they neither deſerved the acceptation of* Alexander, *nor the ſight of poſterity.*

(b) *The Poplar is called the tree of* Hercules *for this reaſon, as the Poets faine: When* Hercules *had entred into Hell, redeemed* Theſeus *from priſon there, and returned victorious, leading out* Cerberus *in triumph after him;*

him; the first tree that he espyed was a Poplar tree, of which he made himselfe a garland, and crowned himselfe after his new conquest.

(c) *Our Poet, after the description of those severall trees of strange natures, which enrich the severall climates of the earth, takes an occasion, by way of comparison, to extoll in all kinds, the fruitfulnesse, and withall the happinesse of his native Italy, the magnificence of the Italian Cities, the multitude and bravery of her people: Of the populousnesse of Italy thus* Plinius *at one place speaketh; This is that Italy, which, when* Lucius Æmilius Paulus *and* Caius Attilius *were Consuls, upon the fame of the tumult of* Gallia, *armed presently of her owne forces, without the aide of any forreyners, and without mustering of any Italians beyond the river of Po, thirty thousand horsemen, and seventy thousand foot: and* Diodorus

Siculus *ſpeaking of Rome before the ſecond Carthaginian war, ſayes that the Senate, as it were foreſeeing the comming of* Annibal *with a war ſo bloudy, tooke a generall ſurvey of themſelves and their tributaries, and found the nvmber of men fit to beare armes, to be ten hundred thouſand. And ſpeaking alſo of the populouſneſſe of the Iland of Sicily, eſteemed then as a part of Italy (for it was all called* magna Græcia) *bids vs not wonder at thoſe mighty armies of* Ninus, Semiramis, Darius, *or* Xerxes, *ſince* Dionyſius *the tyrant, out of Syracuſe onely, armed an hundred and twenty thouſand footmen, with twelue thouſand horſemen, and a navy of foure hundred ſhips out of one haven.*

(d) *The ſacrifices, which in ancient times were offered to the gods, were alwaies choſen either for likeneſſe or contrariety: for likenes ſome*

ſome were offered, as to Pluto *the King of the darke world a blacke ſheepe or ſteere were offered in ſacrifice. Others for contrariety and hatred; as a Sow, becauſe ſhee rooteth up land and ſpoyleth corne, was offered unto* Ceres: *the Goat, becauſe he browzeth the Vines, was offered to* Bacchus: *the Goat was likewiſe offered to* Æſculapius *the god of health, becauſe the Goat is never without a fever.*

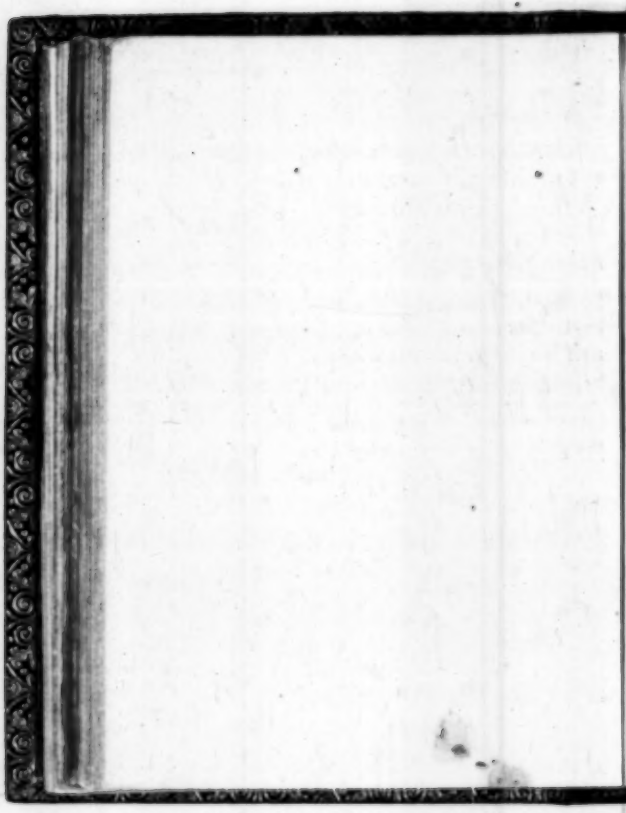
(e) *In thoſe old playes which the Athenians inſtituted in the honour of* Bacchus, *the people danced with wine bottles made of Goat-skinnes, to inſult as it were over the Goats after they were dead. Of theſe Goat-skinnes (for τραγος in Greeke ſignifieth a Goat) came up firſt the name of Tragadies.*

(f) *Theſe plaines were inſtituted to* Bacchus *by the Athenians for this reaſon;* Bacchus *beſtowed a bottle of ſweet wine upon*

Icarus *an Athenian Shepheard. This* Icarus *comming to the company of ſome other labouring people of the country, ſet his bottle of wine before them. The plaine labourers not knowing the quality of the liquor, but delighted with the ſweetneſſe of it, drunke intemperately, and feeling themſelves much altered in their braines, and their whole bodies, they killed* Icarus, *ſuppoſing that he had given them poyſon. The dog of* Icarus *returning home to* Erigone *his daughter, conducted her, who followed the dog, unto her fathers dead body.* Erigone *impatient of griefe, hanged her ſelfe upon a pine tree, and the dog parting not from the two bodies, ſtarved himſelfe: for which piety both* Erigone *and the dogge were taken and made ſignes in heaven. But not long after, for theſe murders unrevenged, the Athenians were viſited with a great peſtilence, and the virgins of Athens*

Athens were poſſeſſed with a ſtrange frenzie, and in their fits hanged themſelves. The Oracle, being asked the cauſe of this peſtilence, returned them anſwer, that it ſhould ceaſe when they in devotion had interred the bodies of Icarus *and* Erigone, *and revenged their murders: this being done, the plague ceaſed, and the people in honour of* Bacchus *celebrated yearely playes, and in remembrance of their former frenzy, upon Pines or other trees were hanged up the images of Virgins.*

FINIS.



GEORGICON.

The third BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe art of grazing with the different care
Of different cattell this third Book declares;
Of warlike Horses, of the labouring Oxe,
Shag-bearded Goats, and snow-white woolly flocks:
Their breeding, feeding, profitable use,
Last their diseases, and the cures it shewes.
But by the way our poet promising
This subject dare, great Cæsar's deeds to sing,
Makes present mention of them, and declares
His glorious triumphs, and late fought wars,
Which Nile, swift Tigris, and Euphrates saw,
And Crassus ensignes fetch'd from Parthia.

OF thee, great *Pales*, and *Apollo* now
Thou fam'd Amphrysian Shepheard, & of you
Arcadian woods and streams Ile sing. Those known
Old strains, that would have pleas'd light minds, are
(grown

Vulgar; who cannot of Eurysteus tell,
Or of Busiris blood-stain'd altars tell?
Who of Latonian Dele, or Hylas now,
Or ivory-shoulder'd Pelops does not know
For riding fam'd, or his (a) Hippodame?
Some new attempted straine must lift up me
From ground, and spread my fame to every eare.
I first, returning, to my countrey deare
Will from th'Aonian mountaine bring with me
The Muses (live I) and first honour thee
Mantua, with Idumæan Palmes of praise;
A marble temple in the field Ile raise
Neare to the streame where winding Minclus flow,
Cloathing his banks with tender reedes, doth flow.
In midst shall *Cæsars* altar stand; whose power
Shall guard the Fane; to him I Conquerer
Will on the shore, with Purple cloath'd in state,
Cucensian Playes in Chariots celebrate.
All Greece shall gladly celebrate our fames,
Leaving th' Olympicke, and Nemæan games,
With racing and the whorlebat fight, whilest I
Crown'd with a tender branch of Olive tree
My offerings bring; Oh how I long to see
The sacrificing pompe in order rang'd

To

To th' Temple come, or how the Scene oft chang'd
Varies her face: or how the (*b*) Britaines raiſe
That purple Curtaine which themſelues diſplaies.
About the doores the Indian victory
Deſcrib'd in gold and poliſh'd ivory, (ſhowing
With great Quirinus (*c*) armes ſhall ſtand, there
Great Nile with (*d*) Wars, as wel as waters, flowing;
And navall Triumphs in braſſe Pillars cut;
The conquer'd Aſian Cities there He put,
Niphates, and the Parthian (*e*) foes, that fight
Retiring, and direct their ſhafts in flight.
Two Trophes tane from th' Eaſt & VVeſtern ſhore,
And both thoſe Nations twice triumphed ore.
In Parian marble carv'd with cuning hand,
The race of great *Aſſaracus* ſhall ſtand,
And Tros, that from high *Iove* their birth derive,
And *Phœbus* too, who firſt did Troy contrive.
Thoſe wretches, that ſhall envie this, ſhall feare
The Furies dire, Cocytus flood ſevere,
And Siſyphus ſtill rowling ſtone, or feele
Ixion's wreathed Snakes, or racking VVheele.
Meane while let us follow the VVoods, and Lands
Vntouch'd; ſuch are, *Mecænas* thy commands.
My breaſt, without thee, no high rapture fils;

Inſpire

Inſpire me then without delay; the hills
Cytheræon high, of Dogs Taygetus proud,
And Epire fam'd for Horſes, call aloud.
Whoſe noiſe the ecchoing Woods redoubled bring.
After of *Cæſars* glorious wars I ſing,
And through as many ages ſpred his praiſe,
As have already paſt to *Cæſar's* dayes.
Who ere in hope to win th' Olympick prize
Would keep good Horſes, or elſe exerciſe (rooke.
Strong Steeres to plow; beſt choiſe from Dams is
That Cow proves beſt that has the roughſt looke,
Great head and neck, and downe unto her knee
Her dingling dewlaps hang; ſides long and high:
All muſt be great: yea even her feet; her eare
Under her crooked hornes muſt rough appeare.
I like the colour ſpotted, partly white;
Loath to endure the yoke, and apt to fight;
In all moſt like the Bull; in ſtature tall,
Her ſweeping taile downe to the ground doth fall.
Beſt age to go to Bull, or calve, we hold,
Begins at foure, and ends at ten yeare old.
All other ages nor for breeding fit,
Nor ſtrong for plow; but th' mean time, whilſt yet
The flocks have luſty youth, let the males go
Without

Without restraint to Venery, and so
By timely broodes preserue a perfect kinde.
The first age best all wretched mortals finde;
After diseases, and old age do come,
Labour, and deaths mexorable doome.
There still will be, whose bodies with thy will (still,
Thou wouldst wish chang'd Therefore repaire them
And lest thy kinde quite lost thou finde too late
Prevent the losse, and yearely propagate.
And such a choise you must in Horses make,
But him, whom you for stallion meane to take,
As hope of all the race, elect with care
Even from a tender colt; such colts as are
Of generous race, straight, when they first are fol'd,
Walke proudly, their soft joynts scarce knit, and bold
Dare leade the way, into the rivers enter,
And dare themselves on unknowne seas to venture,
Not frighted with vaine noises; lofty neck'd,
Short headed, slender belly'd, and broad back'd,
Broad and full breasted; let his colour be
Bright bay, or grey; white proves not commonly
Nor flesh-colour. When Wars alarumes sound
His nostrils gather and breathe fire; no ground
Can hold his shaking joynts; his eare advances,

His

His thick shag'd mane on his right shoulder dances.
His back bones broad & strong, the hollow'd ground
Trampled beneath his hard round hoof doth sound.
Such was that horse, which Spartan (f) *Pollux* tam'd
Fierce *Cyllarus*, and *Mars* his horses fam'd
By th' old Greek Poets, or those two that drew
Achilles chariot; such a shape and hew
At his wives comming, flying (g) *Saturne* tooke,
And all high Pelion with shrill neighings shooke.
Yet when disease or age have brought to nought
This horses spirit, let him at home be wrought,
Nor spare his base old age. A Horse grown old
Though he in vaine attempt it oft; is cold
To Venery, and when he 's brought to try
(Like that great strengthlesse fire in stubble dry)
In vaine he rages; therefore first tis good
To mark his age, his courage and his broode
With other arts; how sad a horse will be
When overcome, how proud of victory.
Dost thou not see, when through the field in speed
Two racing chariots from the lists are fled,
The young mens hearts all rise, as forth they start,
And feare with joy confounded strikes each hart?
They give their horse the reines, and lash them on,

Then

Their hurryed wheeles enflaming as they run;
Now low they go, now rise as they would flye
Through th' empty ayre, and mount up to the sky:
No resting, no delay; a sandy cloud
Darkens the ayre; they on through shoutings loud
Of standers by, all sweat and some do flye,
So great 's their love of praise and victory.
First (*b*) *Erichthonius* Chariots did invent,
And by foure horses drawne in triumph went.
The (*i*) Peletronian Lapithes first found
The use of backing Horses, taught them bound,
And run the ring; taught Riders t' exercise
In Martiall ranks, both equall mysteries:
The masters of both these have equall neede
To finde out horse of courage, and good speed,
Though nere so nobly born, though oft in game
They won the prize, and for their country claime
Epire, or fam'd Mycenæ, or else tooke
Their birth at first from *Neptunes* tridents stroke.
These things observ'd, at covering time, they care
To make their Stallion strongly fat and faire
The father of their broode; for him they mow
Choise grasse, sweet streames, & corn to him allow,
Lest he should faile his pleasant worke to do,

And

And th'yong ones ſtarvelings from his hunger grow.
But they of purpoſe keep the Females light
And leane: and when they have an appetite
To Venery, let them not drink nor eat,
And courſe them oft, and tire them in the heat,
When in full Barnes the ripe Corne crowded lyes,
And empty chaffe before the Weſt winde flyes.
And thus they do leſt too much rankneſſe make
The breeding ſoile, and fatted furrowes take
Too dull a ſenſe; but that they ſhould draw in
Seed with deſire, and lodge it ſafe within.

Now to the Dams your care comes from the Sires:
They great, when now their time almoſt expires,
Let no man yoke them then for worke, nor make
Them leap a ditch, nor let them ſwimming take
Swift flouds, nor cours'd about the meadowes be.
But let them feed in empty fields, where free
The water is; the banks with moſſe are ſtor'd,
And rocky caves a coole ſweet ſhade afford.
About Alburnus ſtill with holly greene,
And Silarus high woods great Flies are ſeene
In Roman term'd *Aſilæ* antiently
Oeſtra in Greek, a fierce loud-buzzing Ply;
Whoſe terrour makes th' affrighted Cattell fly

As

As chas'd about the woods, and pierce the sky
With lowings loud; which through that countrey
The woods, and banks of Tanager reſound. (round
With this dire Monſter once did *Iuno* ſhew
Her vengefull ſpite 'gainſt *Io* then a Cow.
This fly (for moſt he ſtings in heat of day)
From Cattell great with young keepe thou away,
Or bring them not abroad to feed alone
Vnleſſe at morne, or after ſun is downe.
After the breeding they uſe all their care
About the young ones; of what birth they are
Their markes diſcover; they deſigne each one
His ſeverall uſe; one for a Stallion
Is kept, another for a Sacrifice,
A third for Plowing, from whoſe toile ariſe
The harveſts fruits; the reſt a grazing goe
Vpon the Verdant fields. But thoſe whom thou
Intendſt for Husbandry, begin to tame
Their courages while they are Calues, and frame
Them for the Plow betimes, while yet their rage
But tender is, and flexible their age.
Looſe Collars firſt of tender branches make
For their ſoft necks; then, when they freely take
The Yoake by cuſtome, yoake a paire, and ſo

Teach them in order and a-breaſt to goe.
And let them firſt draw empty VVheeles, or rake
The ground but ſlightly, and ſmall furrowes make;
Then afterwards under a deepe-ſtrooke Plow
They'le learne to tug till th' Axel-tree doe bow.
But to thy yet-untamed Calues allow
Not only graſſe, and ſea-graſſe, that doth grow
In fenny grounds, with willow leaues; but ſtill
Feed them with corne thy ſelfe: and doe not fill
Thy milking-pailes from th' Vdders, as of yore,
But let them freely ſuck their mothers ſtore.

But if thy mind thou more to war doe giue,
Or through *Ioue's* wood wouldſt racing chariots driue,
And ſwiftly paſſe by *Piſa's* river ſide:
The firſt taske is to make thy horſe abide
To ſee the Souldiers armes, heare their loud voices,
The Trumpets ſound, and rattling chariots noiſes,
And oft within the ſtable let him heare
The claſhing whip; he'le more and more appeare
To be delighted with his maſters praiſe,
And when he ſtrokes his neck, his courage raiſe.
VVhen firſt he's weand from ſucking let him heare
Theſe things, and trembling be compell'd to weare
Soft halters oft about his head, but when

Ha

His life has ſeene foure Summers, teach him then
To run the round, in order right to beat
The ground, and both wayes skilfully curvet
As if he toil'd; then let him with his ſpeed
Challenge the wind, and from all curbing free'd,
Scoure ore the champion fields ſo ſwift, that there
The ſands no print of his high hoofe doe beare.
So when the Scythian guſts and North-eaſt-wind
From their cold quarter fiercely blow, and bind
The dry clouds up: all ore the waving field
Corn bowes with equall blaſts; woods tops do yield
A murmuring noiſe: long wayes roule to the ſhore.
Forth flies the wind, ſweeps lands and waters ore.
Thy Horſe thus order'd to the races end
All bloody foam'd, victoriouſly will tend;
Or elſe his canned necke will better bow
To draw the Belgian chariot; let him grow
Full fed, when once he's broken well, nor feare
His growth; ſo fed before he's broke, he'll beare
Too great a ſtomacke patiently to feele
The laſhing whip, or chew the curbing ſteele.
But no one care doth more their ſtrength improve,
Then ſtill to keepe them from Venere all love,
(Whether in Horſe or BuHocks be thy care)

Therefore their Bulls they ſend to Paſture farre
To graze alone, where Rivers are betweene
Or Hils, or feed them at full Racks within.
For the faire Femals fight with ſecret fire
Conſumes their ſtrength, and leſſens all deſire
Of feeding in them; her temptations make
Two ſtubborne Bulls a combate undertake,
And with their Hornes to try their utmoſt deeds.
In the great Wood the beautious Heyfer feeds,
Whilſt they contending with their utmoſt ſpite;
Their wounded bodies lav'd in blood, doe fight.
Their Hornes with fury meet, their bellowings
Olympus great, and all neere woods reſound. (round
Nor doe they after both together feed,
Far into exile goes the vanquiſhed,
And there alone in forreine fields bewayles
His ſad diſgrace, how his proud foe prevailes,
He unrevenged forc'd to loſe his loue,
And from his natiue Countrey to remoue.
Then he with care his ſtrength doth exerciſe;
Vpon the hardeſt ſtones all night he lyes;
On rougheſt leaues, and ſharpeſt herbs he feeds,
Of trees himſelfe; with wrathfull hornes proceeds
Againſt the trunks of Trees with furious ſtrokes.

An

And with his ſtrength the wind it ſelfe provokes.
Each place beholds the Prologue to his fight.
But when his ſtrength is recollected quite,
And well improv'd, he doth with fury goe
To meet againe his not forgotten foe.
As when a furious foaming billow roſe
In the mid-ſea, and thence with horrour goes
To beat the rocky ſhore, reſounding ſtraight,
And fals no leſſe then with a mountaines weight.
The Seas low'ſt part mixt with his higheſt fomes,
And belch'd black ſand up from the bottome comes.
Even ſo all kinds on earth, led by deſire,
Men, Beaſts, Fiſh, painted Fowle to this ſweet fire
With fury run: Loue is the ſame to all.
The furious Lioneſſe no time at all
Forgetting young ones, through the fields doth rore
And rage ſo much, nor ougly Beares doe more
Black ſlaughters make, nor through the woods more
Doe cruell Bores and furious Tygers make. (wracke
In Libyan deſarts tis ill wandring then.
See how the Horſes joynts all tremble, when (ſcele.
A Mare's knowen ſent he through the ayre doth
No ſtripes, no ſtrength of men, no bits of ſteele,
Nor Rocks, nor Dikes, nor Rivers in his way,

Which roule whole mountaines, can his fury ſtay.
The ſterne Sabellian Bore in loue doth whet
His tusks, and digge the earth up with his feet:
Againſt a tree he rubs his luſty ſide
Bowzing his briſtles with a martiall pride. (heat
What dares the young man doe, whom loues ſtrong
Torments within? though ſtormes be nere ſo great,
He ore the ſeas in midſt of night dares ſwim, (him,
Although the heavens ſhowre downe their ſpite on
And though the ſea-beat rocks reſound amaine.
No weeping parents can his courſe reſtraine,
Nor that faire Maid whoſe death his death muſt
Why ſhould I ſpeake of ſpotted Lynxes loue? (proue.
Of Dogs, and cruell Wolues? or ſhew what warre
Faint Deere in loue will make? but ſtrangeſt farre
Is thoſe Mares furious loue, which *Venus* ſent,
When they their Maſter(ẽ) *Glaucus* peecemeal rent.
Loue makes them mount ore lofty Gargarus,
And ſwim the ſtreames of ſwift Aſcanius. (burnes
And when Loue's flame their greedy marrowes
Moſt in the ſpring (for heat then moſt returnes
To th'bones) upon high rocks they take their places,
And to the Weſterne wind all turne their faces,
Sucke in the blaſts, and (wondrous to be ſaid)

Grow

Grow great with Fole without the Horſes ayd.
Then ore the rocks and vallies all they run,
Nor to the North, nor to the riſing Sun,
Nor Caurus quarter, nor the South, whence riſe
Blacke ſhowres, which darken and diſturbe the skies.
Hence flowes thick poiſon from the groines of theſe,
Which Shepheards truely call Hippomanes,
Hippomanes, which oft bad ſtepdames uſe,
And charming words, and baneſull herbs infuſe.
But Time irreparable flyes away,
While we too much of every thing would ſay,
Let this ſuffice of Heards: our tother care
Shall woolly Sheep, and ſhaggy Goats declare.
This is a taske: hence, Shepheards, hope to get
Your praiſe: nor am I ignorant how great
A paine twill be in words to hit it right,
And give ſuch luſtre to a ſubject ſlight.
But me the ſweet deſire of fame doth beare
Over Parnaſſus hardeſt ridges, there,
Where never path nor track before I ſaw
Of former Writers to Caſtalia.
Now hallowed Pales in a loſty ſtraine
Ile ſing; but firſt I counſell to containe
Your Sheep within ſoft ſtals to feed at home,

Whilſt Winter laſts, till flowery Summer come:
Bundles of Straw, and Brakes upon the ground
Strow under them, leſt the cold Ice ſhould wound
The tender Cattle, and bring ſcabs and rots.
This done, I counſell thee to feed thy Goats
With arbute trees and ſtreames that freſhly run;
And 'gainſt the Wind, toward the Winter ſun
Directly to th' Meridian build they Stals,
When now the long-chilling Aquarius fals,
And lends a moiſture to the ending yeare.
Let theſe unto our care be no leſſe deare,
Nor are they leſſe of uſe; though nere ſo high
Mileſian fleeces with the purple dye
Of Tyre be ſold. But Goats, if well they thriue,
Bring young ones ofter, and more Milke doe giue.
And ſtill the more the milking Pailes are fill'd,
The more their ſwelling Vdders ſtill will yeeld.
Beſides the Beards, grey Skins, and briſtly Haire
Of the Cyniphian Goats the owners ſheare
To make their Tents, and cloath poore Marriners.
They feed on Woods & Mountaines tops, on Briers,
Brambles, and Buſhes of the greateſt height.
And of their owne accords come home at night,
Scarce able their ſwell'd Vdders to get ore

The

The Threſhold then. For this doe thou the more
Guard them from Ice, and Winter wind (the leſſe
Themſelues perceiue mortalities diſtreſſe)
Bring them for food ſweet Boughes and Oſyars cut,
Nor all the VVinter long thy hay-ricke ſhut.
But when faire Summer comes, when Weſt winds blow
Let both thy flocks to field a grazing goe.
VVhen firſt bright Lucifer appeares, along
The yet coole paſtures leade thē forth, whilſt young
The morning is, whilſt all the graſſe is grey,
And mingled with ſweet Dew; that Dew away
Tane by the fourth houres thirſty Sun, when round
The fields with noiſe of Graſhoppers reſound,
Leade downe thy flocks unto the Rivers brinke,
Or elſe in woodden Channels make them drinke;
In th' heat of day for ſhady Vallies looke,
On which ſome ſtately, and far ſpreading Oake
Sacred to *Iove*, or Holly groue doe grow,
VVhich darke, but Sacred Shadowes doe beſtow;
Then ſlightly water them againe, and let
Them feed abroad againe about Sun-ſet,
VVhen night to th' ayre a cooler temper yeelds,
And dew refreſhing on the Paſture fields
The Moone beſtowes, Kings-fiſhers play on ſhore,

And

And thiſtles tops are fill'd with Linners ſtore.
What need I ſing of Lybian Shepheards and
Their feeding countries, where few houſes ſtand?
There oft the flocks whole moneths, both night and day
Doe without ſtals along the deſarts ſtray.
The Liby an Shepheard carries with him ever
His armes, his Spartan Dog, his Cretan Quyver,
His Houſe, and Victuals too; provided ſo
To wars far off the Roman Souldiers goe,
When they too heavie laden march, and yet
Before the Foe expect, encamped get.
But neere Mæotis in cold Scythian lands,
Where Iſter tumbles up his yellow ſands,
Where Rhodope's extended to the North,
From Stals they never bring their Cattell forth.
No Herbage cloaths thoſe fields, no leaues appeare
Vpon their naked trees, but farre and neere,
The hidden ground with hard froſts evermore,
And ſnow ſeven cubites deepe is cover'd ore.
Cold North-weſt-winds ſtill freezing blow, nor ere
Doe *Phœbus* beames their pallid darkneſſe cleare.
Not when he riſes to his height, nor when
His ruddy chariot fals in th' Ocean.
The running ſtreames ſo hard are freezed there

The

The waters back will Cart-wheeles iron'd beare;
In ſtead of Ships there Horſe, and Wagons run;
Braſſe cleaues with cold aſunder; Cloaths put on
Freeze hard; whole Ponds by Froſts, which never
Are turn'd to ſolliđ Ice; they doe not draw (thaw,
But cut their Wine with Hatchets, and upon
Their Beards hang Iſi les congealed downe.
Meane time perpetuall ſnowing fils the ayre;
The Cattell dye, the Beeues moſt great and faire
Are ſtarv'd in drifts of ſnow; whole Heards of Deer
So fir are hid that ſcarce their hornes appeare.
For theſe they ſpread no toiles, nor hunt they there
With Dogs, but kill them with a ſword or ſpeare,
While they in vaine ſtriue to remoue away
Thoſe hils of Snow, and pitifully bray;
And home with joyfull ſhouts they beare them then;
For under ground in deep-digg'd Caues the men
Secure, and warmely dwell; the night they turne
To mirth, and ſport, and at one fire doe burne
Whole oaks and elmes; and in full bowles they
Their taſtes with freſh ſowre juice of ſervices (pleaſe
In ſtead of wine; a people rough and bold
Like theſe, beneath the Northren Wagons cold
Doe liue, which beaſts skins warmeſt furs doe weare.

Bleake

Bleake Eaſterne winds ſtill beat upon them there.
If thou regard their VVooll, let them not goe
VVhere buſhes are, where burs and thiſtles grow,
Nor in a graſſe too rich. Be ſure to chooſe
Thy flocks with white ſoft fleeces, but refuſe
That Ram (although the fleece upon his backe
Be nere ſo white) whoſe only tongue is blacke,
Leſt he doe ſtaine the fleeces of his Lambs
VVith ſpots, but chuſe another 'mongſt the Rams.
So with a Snowy fleeced Ram (if we
Muſt ſame) did *Pan* the god of Arcady
Deceiue thee *Luna*, nor didſt thou diſdaine
VVithin the VVoods to eaſe a Lovers paine.
But who ſo loues their Milke, to them muſt he
VVith his owne hands bring Clover, Trifoly, (ſtore
And ſalteſt graſſe, which makes them drinke more
Then elſe they would, and ſwels their Vdders more,
And tafts of ſalt doe in their milke remaine.
Some from their Dams the tender Kids reſtraine,
And with ſharpe muzzles bar their ſucking quite.
Their morning meale of milke they preſſe at night.
That which they milke at night as ſun goes downe,
The Shepheard carries to his market towne
Next morne in Panyers, or with ſalt beſtowes,

And

And layes it up till VVinter colder growes.
Nor let thy Dogs be thy laſt care, but feed
VVith fatteſt VVhey, as well as Dogs of ſpeed
VVhich Sparta ſends, thy Maſtiues fierce, for nere
Whilſt they doe guard thy folds, needſt thou to feare
The VVolues invaſion, nor the Thiefe by night,
Nor Mountainers that doe in ſtealth delight.
Thou oft with Dogs mayſt ore the Plaines apace
VVild Aſſes, Deere, or Hares for pleaſure chaſe,
Or rowze with their loud yelps the chafed Bore
From out his rough, and deſart Den, or ore
The lofty Mountaines in delightfull view
A luſty Stag into thy toiles purſue.
But learne to burne within thy ſheltring roomes
Sweet Iuniper, and with Galbanean gums
Driue Adders thence; for Vipers, that doe fly
The light, oft under unmov'd Seals doe ly,
Or Snakes, that uſe within the houſe for ſhade,
Securely lurke, and like a plague invade
Thy Cattell with their venome; Shepheard take
A ſtaffe or ſtones with thee, and kill the Snake
Swelling, and hiſſing from his threatning throat.
For though his head into a hole be got,
His middle twines his tayle, and parts behind

Lye

Lye ope,and ſlowly after tother wind,
As bad's that ſnake,which in Calabrian Layns
Doth liue,and his proud neck aloft advance,
And rowling makes a long,and winding track.
His belly's ſpotted,ſcaled is his back. (blow,
Who in the ſpring,when ſhowery South-winds
When grounds are moiſt,and rivers overflow
Liues upon ponds,and banks,and ravening ſtill
With Frogs,and Fiſhes his blacke mavv doth fill.
But vvhen all grounds,yea fens themſelues are dry
And cleft vvith chinks,upon dry ground is he,
And rovvling then his fiery eyes doth threat
The fields,and rages,vex'd vvith drought and heat.
Oh let not me then take ſvveet ſleeps abroad,
Nor lye ſecure under the ſhady vvood,
VVhen he,his skin nevv caſt,his youth renevving,
Liſts up his head,his tongue threefolked ſhevving
In heat of day,and through the field doth rome,
His egges or young ones having left at home.
He teach thee novv the ſignes and cauſes all
Of each diſeaſe; On ſheepe the ſcab will fall
VVhen cold ravv humours pierce them to the quick,
Or ſearching froſts,or ſvveat unvvaſh'd off ſtick
Vpon their nevv-ſhorne skins,or brambles teare

Their

Their flesh; for that vvise Shepheards every vvhere
Doe in svveet Rivers vvash their nevv shorne flocks:
The drenched Ram dovvne the streame svvimming
His Fleece, & Skin. Or else vvith oiles fat lees (sokes
They'noint their nevv-shorne Sheep, and mixe vvith
Idæan pitch, quick Sulphur, silvers spume, (these
Sea Onyon, Hellebore, and blacke Bitume.
No kind of cure's more full of present hope
Then vvith a knife to cut the Vicer ope.
For else the hidden venome let alone
Both liues, and grovves; vvhilst making of his mone
Vnto the gods, the idle Shepheard stands,
And to the vvound denies his lancing hands.
But vvhen a Fever dry shall seize upon
Their Ioynt, and pierce into the inmost Bone,
Tis best to keepe them then from heat, and cut
That full svvell'd Veine at bottome of the foot.
As the Bisaltian Macedonians doe,
And fierce Gelonians, vvhen they fly unto
High Rodope, or the Getes farthest vvood,
And drinke their milke mingled vvith horses blood.
But vvhere thou seest one Sheepe too often lye
In shade at rest, and crop too lazily
The tops of grasse, or keepe aloose from all,

Or

Or lye along to feed, or to the ſtall
Returne home late alone, ſtraight kill that ſheepe
Before th'infection through th' whole flocke doe
No ſeas are ſubject to mo tempeſts ſtill (creepe.
Then ſheepe are to diſeaſes, which doe kill
Not ſingle ones, but the whole hopefull flocke,
And at one blow rob thee of all thy ſtocke.
Then who has knowen the Alpes, the Illyrian high
Caſtles, and Fields, that by Timavus lye,
May yet behold after ſo long, the land
Lye waſt, and Shepheards dwellings empty ſtand.
Here by corruption of the ayre ſo ſtrong
A plague aroſe, and rag'd all Autumne long,
That all wild beaſts, all Cattle periſhed,
All paſture fields, and ponds were poiſoned.
Nor ſingle was the way to death, but when
A thirſty fire burnt up their fleſh, even then
Moiſt humors flow'd againe, and not at once,
But by degrees did melt away the bones.
And O ce that is for the gods ſervice preſt
In all his trimmings, and white garlands dreſt
Before the Altar dyes, as there he ſtands
Preventing the flow ſacrificers hands.
Or if that ſtane by the Prieſts hand he fall,

His

His entrailes fired yeeld no flame at all,
Nor can the Propheis thence give anſwers good;
The Knives themſelves are ſcarce diſtain'd with blood;
The ſand below with black-filth darkned is.
Hence the young Calfe in richeſt paſture dyes,
And at full racks his ſweeteſt breath forſakes.
Kinde fawning Dogs grow mad; ſtrong coughing (ſhakes
The ſick ſhort-winded, purſie Hogs, & pains
Their ſtubborn jawes; the conquering Horſe diſ-(daines
The pleaſant ſtreams, & ſick forgetteth quite
His food, and th' honour of a race or fight.
Oft with his hoofes he beats the earth, his eares
Hang downe, his ſweat uncertainly appeares:
But cold before his death, his skin is dry,
And to the touch reſiſting ruggedly.
Theſe ſignes of death you at the firſt may know:
But if by time the plague more cruell grow,
Their eyes are fiery toen, their far-drawn breath
Is with a groane expreſt; their flanks beneath
Stretch'd with oft ſobbing; a black blood doth flow
From out their noſtrels; their tongues rugged grow;
Their jawes grow cloſe and hard; which help'd hath
By drenching them thorough a horn with wine. (bin
That drench ſometimes has wrought a cure alone,

Sometimes has brought a worſe deſtruction.
For they refreſh'd, more fiercely mad have grown,
And with impatient fury torne their own
Fleſh from their bared bones (ſo of their foes,
Of good men better, let the gods diſpoſe)
The labouring Oxe now ſweating at the Plow
Fals downe, and dyes, and from his mouth doth flow
Blood mix'd with foame, yeelding his lateſt grone.
The weeping Plowman tother Oxe alone
Vnyokes, which wailes his fellowes death, and now
Abroad in Field lyes the forſaken Plow.
His mourning minde no ſhade of lofty woods,
No flowery meadowes, nor clear Chryſtall floods
Which ore the rocks, and through green fields do (glide,
Can comfort now; his bowels on each ſide
Conſume; his ſettled eyes unmov'd are grown,
And his unweildy necke hangs bending down.
What now availes his former fruitfull toyle?
That he ſo often plow'd the fertile ſoile?
Beſides, no riotous, no coſtly feaſt,
No rich Campanian wine brought his unreſt.
Greene leaves and ſimple herbage was his food,
His drink cleare water from the running flood.
No cares diſturb'd his ſleep. That time (they ſay
Within

Within those Regions Oxen wanted they
For *Iuno's* sacrifice; her chariots than
By beasts unlike were to the temple drawn.
Therefore they digg'd their ground with much adoe,
And with their hands thrust down the seed they sow.
And ore the lofty mountaines not disdaine,
For want of beasts themselves to draw the waine.
No wolves do now about the sheepfold spy
How to assault the flock by treachery;
A greater sorrow tames the Wolves: the Deere
And fearefull Harts do wander every where
Amidst the Dogs, about the houses round.
The scaly Nation of the sea profound,
The Fishes, that all ponds and rivers store,
Float dead, like shipwrack'd bodies to the shore:
Sea-calves unwonted to fresh rivers fly:
The water-snakes, with scales up-standing, dy:
The Viper vainly fenced by his hole
Dyes there: the aire to every sort of Fowle
Vngentle grows, who, whilst their flights they take
High in the aire both flight and life forsake.
Nor does it boote them now to change their food;
All arts are hurtfull, leaches do no good;
Not learned *Chiron*, nor *Melampus* sage.

The pale *Tisiphone* with all her rage
Is to the light from Stygian darkneſſe ſent;
Before her feares, and pale diſeaſes went;
Her murderous head higher, and higher ſtill
She daily lifts; each river, banke, and hill,
The bleats of ſheep, and bullocks lowings fill.
Now in whole flocks they fall, and heap'd on high,
Even in the ſtals the carrion'd bodies lye,
Till men had learn'd t' interre them under ground
In dikes; for of their hides no uſe was found;
Nor could they roaſt their fleſh, nor waſh it clear,
Nor their diſeaſe-corrupted fleeces ſhear,
Nor touch the tainted webb; for who ſo ere
Durſt once attempt thoſe hated cloaths to weare,
Hot Carbuncles did on their bodies grow,
And Lice-engendring ſweat did overflow;
And ere long time in this infection paſt,
A red * hot ſwelling all their limmes did waſt.

* *Saint Anthonies fire.*

Finis libri tertij.

Annotations upon the third Booke.

HIppodamia (a) *was daughter to* Oenomaus *King of the cities of Elis and Piſa. This* Oenomaus *had horſes of wondrous ſpeed (as being begotten by the winds) and admitted ſuiters to his daughter* Hippodamia, *upon this condition, that they ſhould run a race in chariots with him: upon him that conquered, hee would beſtow his daughter; but whom hee vanquiſhed, hee would kill. When by this cruell meanes hee had killed many that came as ſuiters to her, and ſhe at laſt was falne in love with* Pelops, *ſhee corrupted* Myrtilus *her fathers charioter to let* Pelops *win, promiſing him for that favour hee ſhould firſt enjoy her and have her maydenhead.* Myrtilus *upon this pro-*

miſe put on falſe wheles upon the Chariot of Oenomaus; *and when* Pelops *was conqueror, and obtained the Lady,* Myrtilus *demanding her promiſe from her, was by* Pelops *her huſband tumbled downe headlong into the ſea, which ſea from his name hath been ſince called* mare Myrtæum.

(*b*) Auguſtus Cæſar, *after Brittany was vanquiſhed, employed many of the captive Brittains in ſervile offices about the Theaters: he beſtowed alſo upon thoſe Theaters diverſe flags of rich price, in which were woven his victories and triumphs. Theſe flags were carried by the captive Brittaines, bearing the hiſtory of their owne conqueſt: but ſure it is, the Poet in this place names Brittaine for any other barbarous nation; for* Auguſtus, *though he had many triumphs over ſeverall barbarous nations, yet never conquer'd nor triumphed over Brittaine.* (c) *By*

(c) *By the name of* Quirinus *in this place the Poet meaneth* Auguſtus Cæſar, *and that not farre fetch'd, nor far from reaſon, but more for the Emperours true honour; for* Suetonius Tranquillus *in the life of* Auguſtus, *ſpeaketh thus: Three parties of the people by the Senats conſent offered on a time three names to* Octavius; *the names of* Quirinus, Auguſtus *and* Cæſar: *he fearing leſt if he ſhould chooſe one, he ſhould diſpleaſe the other two parties, accepted them all: He was firſt called* Quirinus, *afterward* Cæſar, *and laſt of all* Auguſtus; *in which name he ever remained; and* Virgil *gives him all thoſe names.*

(d) *This great flow of war from Nile our Poet meanes when* Marcus Antonius, *and* Cleopatra *came downe from thence to encounter* Auguſtus Cæſar *at Actium; to which war they brought wonderfull power; for* Marcus

Antonius *beſides the ayde of tenne Kings, which ſerved him at that time, and all the ſtrength of* Cleopatra, *had nineteene whole Romain legions, and twelne thouſand horſemen: his ſtrength at ſea was five hundred ſayle of fighting ſhips. In this battell they were vanquiſhed by* Auguſtus Cæſar.

(e) *After the victory of Actium,* Auguſtus Cæſar *marcht with a great ſtrength towards divers nations; who eaſily yeelded unto him. The Indians and Scythians (ſaith* Suetonius Tranquillus) *hearing of his name onely begged his favour. The Parthians themſelves yeelded without reſiſtance, & their king* Phraartes *did homage to* Auguſtus, *gave him hoſtages, and delivered backe all thoſe Romain enſignes which they before had taken in warre from* Marcus Craſſus, *and* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir.*

(f) The

(f) *The horſes here mentioned, and ſo fa-med in Poetry, were theſe: the horſes of* Caſtor *and* Pollux *called* Xanthus *&* Cyllarus: *the horſes of* Mars *called* Dimos *and* Phobos: *and the horſes of* Achilles, *called* Xanthus *and* Æthon.

(g) *The fable is thus:* Saturne *was in love with* Philyra *the daughter of* Oceanus *&* Thetis: *ſhe, to avoide the rape, was transformed by her parents into a Mare; upon which* Saturne *turned himſelfe into ſtately Courſer, and ſo injoyed the Nymph: in which ſhape alſo he deceived his wife* Ops, *who came thither of purpoſe to finde him out, and diſcover the fact, of which conjunction of* Saturne *and* Phylira, *the Poets reported that* Chiron *the Centaure was borne.*

(h) *As the Theſſalians were the firſt of all that*

that ever invented the use of riding on horse-backe; so Erichthonius *was the first that taught posterity the way of joyning horses together in Chariots. This* Erichthonius *was the sonne of* Vulcan, *a man of a goodly personage, but deformed onely in his feete, which were like the feet of a Serpent. He to hide this deformity invented Chariots, wherin he might ride, and nothing of him but his upper parts exposed to the view.*

(i) *Peletronium is a towne in Thessaly, where the use of taming and riding horses was first found: for on a time when* Thessalus *the king of that countrey was much displeased that his Bullocks ran so fast away, (for it should seeme the horse-fly had stung them) he commanded his men, which wayted on him, to run after them, and stop their flight: they being not able to overtake the swiftnesse of the Bullocks,*

locks, tooke up on the ſudden a new invention; they mounted themſelues upon horſes-backs, and ſo with eaſe overtooke and turned them. Thoſe men eſpied by ſome of the neighbouring people, either as they rode ſwiftly by, or elſe as their horſes bowed downe their heads to drink of the river Peneus, gave way to that old fable of the Centaures: for the people neere had an opinion that they were halfe men and halfe horſes. But the name of Centaure was therefore given them, ἀπὸ τῶν κεντούντων τοὺς ταύρους, *becauſe thoſe men, when firſt they rode on horſes were driving of Bullocks.*

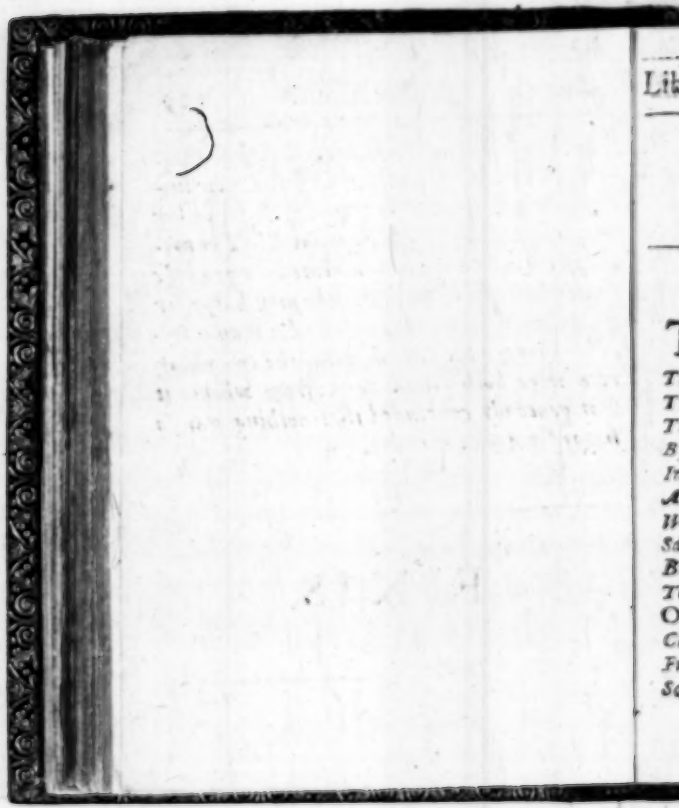
(k) *Potnia is the City, of which* Glaucus *was, who (as the Poets fained) deſpiſed the ſacrifices and ſervice of* Venus. *The goddeſſe angry with his contempt, ſent a madneſſe to poſſeſſe the Mares which drew his Chariot; who turning upon their Maſter, tore him to pieces.*

pieces. The cauſe of this fiction that Venus *ſhould ſend a madneſſe into them, is this:* Glaucus *to make his Mares the ſwifter and fuller of mettall, kept them from venery, which made his Mares ſo furious, that their ungovern'd ſpirit turned to the deſtruction of their Maſter.*

(1) Virgil *ſpeaking in this place of the plague among cattell, ingeniouſly ſuppoſeth that this was the ſame time, wherein that famous hiſtory of* Herodotus *was verified. It was the cuſtome for the Votareſſe or Prieſt of Argos to ride to the Temple of* Iuno, *drawne by two Oxen upon feſtivall dayes. But when it ſo befell upon a ſolemne day that no Oxen could be found to draw her (the plague having conſumed the cattell in that countrey) her two ſonnes* Cleobis *and* Biton *put the yoakes upon their necks, and drew their mother to the temple.*

ple. The goddeſſe Iuno, *moved with ſo great a piety in theſe two yong men, offered their mother that whatſoever ſhe would pray for in her ſonnes behalfe, it ſhould be granted. The mother with a pious anſwer entreated the goddeſſe that whatſoever ſhe knew the moſt happy for mortall men, ſhe would be pleaſed to graunt unto her ſonnes: the next morning the two young men were both found dead; from whence it was generally concluded that nothing was ſo happy for a man as to dye.*

FINIS.



GEORGICON.
The fourth BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

THis book describes the Bees industrious state;
By what chast wondrous meanes they propagate
Their kind, and breed, their common progeny.
Their age, their natures and strange industry;
Their ware and furious factions; and how they
By lawes of justice governe, and obey,
In their Monarchike state. Their maladies,
And cures; and how to make a swarme of Bees
When all thy stock is quite consum'd to nought.
Sad Aristæus by his mother taught
Bindes fast soape-changing Proteus; who alone
Tels him what caus'd his Bees destruction.
Orpheus bewailes his wife; his musicke straine
Charmes hell, and brings Eurydice againe
From thence; again fond love loses her quite.
Sad Orpheus now is endlesse wo, by night

In piece-meale torne in Bacchus sacrifice
By Thracian Dames, whose beds he did dispise.
Taught Aristæus doth to them ordaine
A sacrifice, and findes his Bees againe.

AEriall Honey mixt, a gift divine
He sing; *Mecænas*, grace this piece of mine.
Admired spectacles of Creatures small,
Their valiant Captaines, and in order all
Their Nations, Manners, Studies, People, Fight,
I will describe; nor thinke the glory slight,
Though slight the Subject be, to him, whom ere
Th' invoked gods, and pleas'd *Apollo* heare.
First for your Hives a fitting station finde
Shelter'd from windes rough violence, for winde
Hinders their carriage; let no Sheep there play,
Nor frisking Kids the flowery meadowes lay,
Nor wanton Heifers neare the living place
Strike off the dew, nor tread the springing grasse.
Let speckled Lizzards thence be far away,
The Woodpeckers, and other Birds of prey,
And Progne marked on her stained breast
With bloody hands; for she to feed her nest
Seizes the flying Bees, and thither brings
As sweetest food; but neare pure Chrystall springs,

Greene

Greene mossie fountaines still your Bee-hives place,
And streames that glide along the Verdant grasse,
Shaded with Palms, or spreading Olive trees:
That whē new kings draw out their swarming bees,
And from their combes dismiss'd in spring they play,
The neighboring banks may then invite their stay,
Cooling their heat, and trees so nèar the hive
A green, and shady coverture may give.
Into the poole, whether it stand, or flow,
Great stones across, and willow branches throw
As bridges for the Bees to stand upon,
And spread their wings against the Sūmer sun, (them
When strong Eastwindes by chance have scatter'd
In comming home, or drown'd them in the streame.
Let beds of Violets, and wilde Betony,
Greene Cinnamon, and fragrant savory,
Grow round about the spring. But whether you
To make your hives, trees barkes together sow,
Or hives of limber Osyars woven get;
Make the mouth narrow, lest the summers heat
Dissolve the honey, or cold winter freeze;
For both extreames alike annoy the Bees.
Nor ill in vaine that they with all their powers
Daube up each chinck with waxe, & fill with flowers

Each breathing hole, and to that end prepare
A glew more clammy than all birdlime farre,
And Phrygian Ida's pitch; and under ground
(If fame speak truly) Bees have oft been found
Breeding in digged caves, and oft been known
In holes of trees, and hollow pumice ſtone.
But daube thou up the chinky hives with clay,
To keep them warme, and leaves above them lay.
Neere to the hives let no deep waters flow,
Nor crabs be dreſt, nor poiſonous yew-trees grow.
Or where mud ſtanding ſtinkes, or eccho's bound
From hollow rocks with their reflected ſound.
But when bright *Sol* hath baniſh'd Winter chas'd
Vnder the earth, and Summer light hath grac'd
The sky againe; over the fields, and woods
They wander ſtraight; lightly the brinkes of floods
They ſip and taſt the purple flowers; from thence
(What ſweetneſſe ere it be that ſtir their ſence)
Care for their broode, and progeny they take;
Thence work their waxe, and hony clammy make.
Then when diſmiſs'd their hives, up to the sky
In Summer ayre thou ſeeſt them ſwarming fly,
Wondring to view dark clouds driven by the wind,
Then mark them well, they go ſweet ſtreams to find

An

And leavie bowers; upon this place do thou
Base hogey-suckles, and beaten mill-foile strow:
And round about let tincking brasse resound;
Their farther progresse this charmd place wil bound.
There they will make their stand, or else desire
Back to their owne known lodgings to retire.
But if they chance to sally out to wars
(As oft two kings have caused mortall jars)
The common Bees affections straight are found,
And trembling hearts to fight: that martiall sound
Of brasse checks their delay, and then a voice
Is heard resembling trumpets winding noise. (wings,
Then straight they muster, spread their glittering
And with their beaks whet their dead-doing stings.
Then to the standard royall all repaire
About their king, and loudly buzzing dare
Their foes t' appeare; in weather cleare, and faire
They sally forth: their battels joyne i' th' ayre.
The Welkin's fill'd with noise; they grapple all,
And grappling so in clusters head long fall;
Haile from the Winters sky fals not so fast,
Nor shaken Oakes so thick do shed their mast.
In midst of th' armies with bright glorious wings,
And mighty spirits fly the dating kings

(Though bodies ſmall) reſolved not to yeeld,
Till one ſide vanquiſht have forſooke the field.
Wouldſt thou this fight, and furious heate allay?
A little duſt thrown up will part the fray.
But when both kings drawn home from battell be,
Kill him that ſeemes the worſt, leſt thriftleſſe he
Do hurt, and let the other reigne alone.
For of two ſorts they are, one fairely knowne
By glittering ſpecks of gold, and ſcales of bright;
But ruddy hue. This faireſt to the ſighe
Is beſt: by ſloth the other's naſty growne,
And hangs his large unwieldy belly downe.
Different, as are the kings, the ſubjects are.
Some foule and filthy, like the traveller
That comes from duſty waies, and dirt doth ſpit
From his dry throate: the other gold-like bright.
With well proportion'd ſpots his limbes are deckt.
This is the better broode; from theſe expect
Honey at certaine ſeaſons of the yeare
Moſt ſweet, and yet not ſweet alone, but cleare,
And ſuch as *Bacchus* hardneſſe will allay.
But when in th' aire the ſwarmes at randome play
Scorning their combes, forſaking their cold hive;
Doſt thou from this vaine ſport deſire to drive

Their

Their wandring thoughts? not toilſome is the paine,
Clipt but the princes wings, whilſt he remaines
Within, no common Bee will dare to make
High flight, nor th'enſignes from the campe to take.
Let Saffron gardens odoriferous,
Which th' image of Lampſacian Priapus
Guards with his booke of willow to affright
Both Theeves, and hurtfull Fowles, the Bees invite:
Let him himſelfe, which feares his Bees to want,
Bring Thyme, & Pines down from the hils, to plant:
Wearing his hands with labour hard, and round
Beſtow a friendly watering on the ground.
And did I not now neer my labours end
Strike ſaile, and haſting to the harbour tend,
Perchance how fruitfull gardens may be dreſt
I'd teach, and ſing of twice roſe-bearing Peſt:
How Succory by waters proſpers well,
On graſſe how bending Cucumbers do ſwell,
And bankes of Perſly greene: beſides to ſhow
How the late blooming Daffodils do grow,
I would not faile, and twigs of Beares-foot ſtow,
Shore-loving Myrtles, and pale Ivie too.
For where Tarentum's lofty Turrets ſtand,
Where ſlow Galeſus ſoakes the fallow Land,

I ſaw an old Cilician, who poſſeſt
Few akers of neglected ground undreſt,
Not fit to paſture beaſts, nor Vines to beare:
Yet he among the buſhes here, and there
Gathering few pot-herbs, vervaine, Lilies white,
And wholſeſome poppey, in his mindes delight
Equall'd the wealth of Kings, and comming ſtill
Late home at night, with meat unbought, did fill
His laden board: he gather'd firſt of all
Roſes in ſpring, and apples in the fall.
And when ſad winter with extreameſt cold
Crack'd even the ſtones, & courſe of floods did hold
With bridling ice, he then pluck'd leaves of ſoft
Beares-foot, and check'd the ſprings delayings oft,
And Zephyres ſloath. He therefore firſt was found
With fruitfull Bees, and ſwarmes ſtill to abound,
And froathy hony from the combes could ſqueeze.
He ſtill had fruitfull vines, and linden trees.
And for each bloſſome, which firſt cloath'd the tree
An apple ripe in Autumne gather'd he.
He could to order old grown Elmes tranſpoſe,
Old peare trees hard, and black thorne bearing ſloes,
The plaine tree too, that drinking ſhade beſtowes.
But too much ſtraighten'd, I muſt now forſake

This

This taske for others afterward to take.
And now Ile ſhow thoſe natures, which on Bees
Great *Ioue* himſelfe beſtow'd: for what ſtrange ſeed
Following a tinckling noiſe, and brazen ring
In Cretan caves they nouriſh'd heavens high King.
Bees only live in common-wealths, and Bees
Only in common hold their progenies:
Live by lawes conſtant, and their owne abodes
Certainly know, and certain houſhold gods:
And mindfull of enſuing winter, they
Labour in Summer, and in publike lay
Vp their proviſion. Some for gathering foode
Are by the ſtates commiſſion ſent abroad
To labour in the fields: ſome ſtill at home
Lay the foundations of the honey combe,
Of glue, tree-gum, and faire Narciſſus teare:
Then to the top they faſten every where
Their clammy waxe: care for their brood ſome take
(The nations hope:) ſome pureſt honey make,
Till th' honey combe with cleareſt Nectar ſwels.
Some lot appoints to ſtand as Centinels,
And to foreſee the ſhowres, and ſtormes to come
They watch by turns: thoſe that come laden home
Some eaſe: or joyning all their ſtrengths in one

Far from the hive they chaſe the lazie Drone
To worke they fall: their fragrant honeyes hold
A ſent of Thyme; as when the Cyclops mould
Iove's thunder from th' hard-yeelding maſſe in haſt,
Some take and pay againe the windy blaſt
From bull-hide bellowes: others in the lakes
Do quench the hizzing irons; Ætna ſhakes
With weight of anviles: whilſt their armes ſo ſtrong
In order ſtrike, and with hard-holding tongs
The iron turne; ſuch inbred thrifty care
(If little things with great we may compare)
Each in his function Bees of Athens take.
The elder keep within the townes, and make
Dædalian fabricks to adorne the combe;
But late returne the younger weary home
Their thighes laden with Thime: they feed upon
Wildings, greene Willowes, Saffron, Cinnamon,
Pale Hyacinths, and fruitfull Linden trees.
One time of work, and reſt have all the Bees.
Forth in the morne they goe, and when late night
Bids thē leave gathering, home they take their flight,
And there refreſh their bodies, then a ſound,
And buzzing's heard about th' hives confines round.
But when they all are lodg'd in ſilence deep

They

They reſt, their weary ſenſes charm'd by ſleep.
Nor ſtray they far when clouds orecaſt the skyes,
Nor truſt the weather when Eaſtwinds ariſe.
But neare their Cities ſhort excurſions make,
And ſafely water, or ſmall pebbles take
(As in rough ſeas with ſand the Veſſels light
Ballaſt themſelves) to poize their wandering flight.
But at that wondrous way you muſt admire
By which Bees breede: they feele not *Venus* fires
Nor are diſſolv'd in luſt, nor yet endure
The paines of childing travell: but from pure
Sweet flowers, and Herbs their progeny they bring
Home in their mouths. They all elect their king,
And little nobles; their wax manſions
And courts they build; and oft 'gainſt hardeſt ſtones
They fret their wings, and ſpoile them as they fly,
And gladly under their ſweet burthens dy:
So great's their love of flowers, ambition too
They have of making Honey. Therefore though
Their lives be ſhort (as not above the ſpace
Of ſeven yeares) yet their immortall race
Remaines; the fortunes of their houſes hold;
For many yeares are grand-fires grand fires told.
Beſides not Ægypt, nor rich Lydia more,

Nor

Nor Medes,nor Parthians do their kings adore;
Whilſt he's alive,in concord all obey;
But when he dyes,all leagues are broke,and they
Themſelves deſtroy their gathered food at home,
And rend the fabrick of their hony combe.
Tis he preſerues their workes; him all admire,
And guard his perſon with a ſtrong deſire:
They carry him,for him they hazzard death,
And think in war they nobly loſe their breath.
Noting theſe ſignes,and tokens;ſome deſine
The Bees partakers of a ſoule divine,
And heavenly ſpirit; for the godhead is
Diffus'd through earth, through ſeas,and lofty skies.
From hence all beaſts,men,cattle,all that live,
All that are borne their ſubtle ſoules receive.
Hither againe they are reſtor'd,nor dy,
But when diſſolv'd,returne,and gladly fly
Vp to the ſtars; in heaven above they live.
But when thou would'ſt open the ſtately hive,
And rob their hoarded honey treaſury,
Then firſt of all throw water ſilently,
And with thine hand ſend in purſuing ſmoke.
Twice in the yeare for honey harveſts looke:
Firſt when Taygetes beauteous viſage makes

Earth

Earth glad, and th' Oceans ſcorned floods forſakes:
Againe, when the the Southern fiſh doth fly,
To winter ſeas deſcending heavily.
But Bees offended wondrous wrath conceiue
Inſpiring venome where they ſting, and leaue
Fixt to the veines their undiſcerned ſpeare
Within the wound, themſelues expiring there.
But if thou feare a winter hard, and make
Spare for the future time, or pitty take
On their deiected ſpirits, and ſalne eſtate:
Giue them cut waxe, and thyme ſuffumigate.
For oft baſe Lizzards eate the hony combe,
And to the hiues night-loving Beetles come;
And Drones, that freely fit at others meat;
Or with unequall ſtrength fierce Hornets beat
The Bees: or Moths of a dire kind: or cloſe
About the door her net-like cobwebs looſe
The Pallas-hated Spider ſpins. The more
They thus are ruin'd to repaire the ſtore
Of their loſt nation, all their utmoſt powers
Themſelues do uſe, and fill their hiues with flowers.
But if their bodies be diſeaſ'd (as Bees
By life are ſubject to our maladies)
Which may by ſignes infallible be known;

The

The ſick ſtraight loſe their colour, and are grown
Deform'd with leanenesſe: they in woefull wiſe
Beare forth their dead with ſolemne obſequies.
Or cloiſter'd elſe within their houſes they
Sadly containe themſelves, or lingring ſtay
About the doore, in cluſters taking hold,
Famiſh'd, and faint, and feeble by the cold.
Then a ſad broken ſound, and groaning's heard;
As windes do murmur in a Forreſt ſtirr'd,
As ſeas do roare, the tide by windes oppos'd,
Or raging fire within a furnace clos'd.
For this of gums a fumigation uſe,
And into th' hive in pipes of reed infuſe
Honey, t' invite them to a well-known food;
With theſe the taſt of beaten galt is good;
Dry'd roſes too, and thick decocted wine,
With looſe hung cluſters from the Pythian vine,
Cecropian Thyme, ſtrong Centorie; withall
A flower, which Husbandmen Amello call,
Moſt eaſie to be found, in meadowes growes,
For from one roote he ſpreads a wood of boughes.
Whoſe many leaves, although the flower be gold,
Black Violets dimme purple colour hold.
Whence wreaths have oft the gods high altars deckt.

Sharp-

Sharp-taſted in the mouth; ſhepheards collect
Theſe flowers beſide faire Mella's crooked ſtream,
On plaine unwooded Valleyes. Roots of them
Boile in ſweet wine, and ſet proviſion ſtore
In baskets full before the Bee-hive doore.
But if that any his whole broode of Bees
Have on the ſuddain loſt, and no way ſees
To raiſe another ſtock, Ile now declare
Th' Arcadian maſter's old invention rare,
And from fames firſt beginning make it plaine,
From blood-corrupted of beus'd Bullocks ſlaine,
How Bees have oft been born. For where from old
The happy people of Canopus hold
Their Countrey cover'd with Niles fruitfull flow,
And ore their lands in painted Frigots go,
Neere to the bounds of quiver'd Perſia,
Where Nile returned from black India,
With ſlime makes fruitfull Egypts Verdant plaine,
And in ſeven channels fals into the maine,
All that whole region in this art repoſe
A certaine remedy. And firſt they chooſe
A little houſe, which to that end they build,
Clos'd in ſtrong wals, guttur'd, and ſtrongly til'd.
Gainſt the foure quarters of the winde they make

Foure

Foure windowes lending oblique light; then take
A tender horned Steere of two yeares old,
And ſtop his breath, his mouth, and noſtris hold,
Till ſtruggling ſo with beating ſtill'd he fall,
Through his whole skin his bowels bruſed all.
Then in that narrow roome ſo cloſely ſhut
They leaue the body, and beneath it put
Sweet Thyme, freſh Cinnamon, and other boughs,
When Zephyre firſt upon the water blowes:
Before the ſpring with flowers the meadows guild,
Or twittering Swallowes on the rafters build.
Then th'heated moiſture in the tender bones
Doth boyle, and (wondrous to be ſeene) at once
So many animals together brings,
Firſt without feet, after with feet and wings,
And take th'ayre more, and more, till like a ſhowre,
Which down from Sūmer clouds doth fiercely powre,
Or like a ſtorme of Shafts, which Parthians ſhoot
Againſt their Foes, a ſwarme of Bees break out.
What god, O Muſe, to us this art hath taught?
What act of man this new experience brought?
When *Ariſtæus* ſad from Tempe fled,
His Bees by hunger and diſeaſes dead,
Beſide the ſacred ſpring of Peneus

Playning

Playning he ſtood, and tax'd his mother thus,
Mother Cyrene, Mother vvhoſe abodes
Are in this flood, vvhy from the line of gods
(If *Phœbus* as thou ſayeſt, my father be)
Brought'ſt thou me forth abhorr'd by deſtiny?
Oh vvhither novv is fled a mothers loue?
VVhy didſt thou bid me hope for heuen aboue?
VVhen lo thoſe ioyes, vvhich mortall life did bring,
Which Bees, and Cornes induſtrious husbanding
With all my care could but procure, is gone
Though thou my Mother be. Nay, nay, goe on,
With thine ovvne hand fell off my grovving vvoods,
My harveſts blaſt, by fire conſume my goods,
My barnes, and corne, my ſpreading vines cut dovvne
If thou ſo envious of my praiſe be grovven.
But from her bovver his mother heard the ſound
Vnder the flood; the Nymphs about her round
Spun greene Maleſian vvooll. Diſhevell'd haire
Adorn'd their ivory necks, *Drymo* the faire,
Xanthe Ligea, and *Phyllodoce*,
Neſæe, *Spio*, and *Cymodoce*;
Cydippe, and bright *Licorias*, one a maide,
Th'other then firſt had felt *Lucina's* aide.
Clio, and *Beroe* ſea-borne ſiſters both,

Both

Both guirt with gold, in painted mantles both.
Ephyre, Opis, Deiopeia too
Of Asia, and *Arethusa* now
At last growne swift since she her quiver left.
To these did *Climene* tell the pleasing theft,
And slights of *Mars*, with *Vulcans* bootlesse feares,
And from the Chaos number'd to their eares
The loves of gods. Whilst pleas'd with what she told
The rocks of wooll they on their spindles rowl'd.
Against the plaints of *Aristæus* pierc't
His mothers eare; but *Arethusa* first
Of all the Nymphs above the water show'd
Her beauteous head, and far off cry'd aloud
Sister, *Cyrene*, 'twas no causelesse feare
That sound procur'd, thine *Aristæus* deare
Weeping beside old Peneus streame remaines,
And of thy cruelty by name complaines.
Struck with new feares his mother answer'd thus:
Bring him (quoth she) bring him along to us.
He may of right enter the roofe of gods.
Then by command she straight divides the floods
To make him roome to passe: the swelling flood
Like a steep mountaine round about him stood:
In that vast gulfe receiv'd he was conveigh'd

Downe

Downe under ground, and wondring there ſurvey'd
His mothers watery bower, lakes cloſely held
In caves, and ſounding woods, and there beheld
(Aſtoniſhed to heare that horrid ſound
That waters motion made) how under ground
In ſeverall places rivers did commence,
Phaſis, and Lycus, and the ſpring, from whence
The deep Enipeus breakes, whence Tyber is,
Myſia Caicus, ſtony Hypanis,
And Annio, golden Eridanus
With bull-like hornes; no ſtreame more furious
Doth run, nor falls more violent than he
Into the purple Adriaticke ſea.
When to his mothers bower of pumice ſtone
He came, and the perceiv'd his ciuilleſſe mone:
The Nymphs cleare water, and fine towels bring
To cleanſe his hands with, ſome repleniſhing
The cups, while ſome the feaſting tables fill,
With frankincenſe the altars ſmoking ſtill.
Here take theſe cups of wine (his mother ſaid)
Let's ſacrifice to th'Ocean; then ſhe pray'd
Vnto Oceanus, Father of all things,
And Nymphs her ſiſters, who the woods, and ſprings
By hundreds keep. Thrice on the fire ſhe threw

Nectar: to th' roofe the flame thrice upward flew.
Confirmed with this Omen thus begun
Cyrene; in Carpathian seas, my sonne,
Great *Neptune's* Prophet (*g*) *Proteus* abides,
Who ore the Maine in his blew chariot rides
By horse-fish drawne; who now againe resorts
To his Pallene, and th' Æmathian ports:
Him aged *Nereus*, and we Nymphs adore;
For he knowes all things, things that heretofore
Have been, that are, and shall hereafter be.
For so to *Neptune* it seem'd good, that he
His heards of fish might under water guide,
And great Sea-calves. He must in chaines be ti'de
By thee, my sonne, to shew the cause thy Bees
Are dead, and give thee prosp'rous remedies.
Without compulsion he will nothing tell,
Nor can entreaties move him; binde him well,
And hard, and all his tricks will vanish soone.
When *Sol* is mounted to his height at noone,
When grasse is dry, and cattell seeke the shade,
Ile bring thee thither, where thou shalt invade
The aged Prophet, when his private sleep
He takes, retired weary from the deep.
But when thou bind'st him, to delude thine eyes,

In

In ſeverall ſhapes he will himſelfe diſguiſe,
A ſcaly Dragon, or fierce Tyger he,
Or Boare, or tawny Lioneſſe will be,
Or raiſe the noiſe, and ſhew of fire to ſcape,
Or ſlide away in liquid waters ſhape.
But ſonne, the more in ſhapes he varyes ſtill,
Be ſure the harder hold thy cords, untill
Chang'd frō thoſe figures, thou firſt ſhape (*b*) he keep,
In which thou ſaw'ſt him lying down to ſleep.
This ſaid, th' annoints the body of her ſonne,
With ſweet Ambroſian odours; whence anone
An heavenly ayre exhaled from his head,
And able vigour through his limbes was ſpread.
Within an hollow Mountaines hollow ſide
Is a vaſt cave, where water driven by tide
Doth into turning gulfes it ſelfe divide,
And number leſſe to ſtorme-toſt Mariners:
Within blew *Proteus* under ſtony bars
Shuts up, and guarded lyes. Here far from ſight
In a darke nooke averted from the light
Cyrene plac'd her ſonne; her ſelfe away
Vaniſh'd obſcur'd in clouds. At noone of day,
When now the ſcorching dog-ſtar from the ſky
The thirſty Indians barn'd, the graſſe was dry

And the Sun-beames as low as to the ground
Boil'd luke-warm rivers, though the moſt profound.
Proteus from ſea to this accuſtom'd ground
Retires himſelfe; the ſcaly Nation round
Playing about him, far ſalt dew do throw;
The Calves on ſhore do ſeverally beſtow
Themſelves to ſleep, whilſt he upon a rock
Amidſt them ſits, and numbers all the flock,
Like-to an Heard, when from the mountaines home
Vnto their ſtals his Calves from feeding come,
And wolves are whetted with the lambs loud bleats.
When *Ariſtæus* this occaſion gets,
Scarce ſuffering the old Prophet to compoſe
His weary limbes, in with a ſhout he goes
Vpon him ſtraight, and bindes him as he lyes.
He not unmindefull of his old deviſe
All his ſtrange ſhapes aſſumes in order ore,
A flaming fire, a flood, a tusked bore.
But when no cunning could procure his ſcape,
Vanquiſht at laſt, in his owne humane ſhape
He ſpeaks; Who ſent thee hither to my cave (have?
Thou bold young man? or here what wouldſt thou
Thou knowſt my mind, *Proteus*, thou knowſt (quoth (he)
Intend it not, thou canſt not couſen me.

Follow-

Following the gods command, hither come I
For my loſt goods to ſeek a remedy.
When thus he ſpake, the Prophet much compell'd,
Scowling with his green eyes, with anger ſwell'd,
And chafing thus at laſt gan prophecy:
The wrath of ſome great god doth follow thee
For great miſdeeds. To thee this puniſhment
(Though not ſo great as thou deſerv'ſt) is ſent
From wretched *Orpheus*, unleſſe fates reſiſt,
Who ſtill in wrath for his deare wife perſiſts.
When from thy luſt ſhe fled, ſhe never ſpy'd
A water ſnake, by whoſe fell ſting ſhe dy'd,
Lurking upon the graſſie banke: But all
The Dryades at her ſad funerall
Wept on the mountaines, high Pangæa, and
The Rodopeian towers, and warlike land
Of Rhæſus, Hebrus, and the Getes for wo
Wept, and Athenian Orythia too.
But he himſelfe his ſicke ſoule ſolacing,
Oft to his warbling inſtrument would ſing
Of thee, ſweet wife; thou on the ſhore alone
Morning and night wert ſubject of his mone.
He through the darke, and fearfull wood did venter,
Tenarus jawes, and *Pluto*'s cave to enter,

And to the Ghoſts, and their grim king he vvent,
Hearts that to humane prayers did nere relent.
But from all parts of hell the ghoſts, and throng
Of liveleſſe ſhadowes moved by his ſong
Came forth, as many thouſands, as a flight
Of little birds into the vvoods, vvhom night,
Or ſhovvres approaching thither drive in tholes,
The ghoſts of men and vvomen, the great ſoules
Of Heroes, Virgins, and of Boyes vvere there,
And Youths, that tomb'd before their parents vvere;
Whom foule Cocytus reedleſſe bankes encloſe,
And that blacke muddy poole, that never flovves,
And Styx nine times about it rovvles his vvaves.
But all hels inmoſt vaults, and torturing caves
Amazed ſtood; th' Eumenides forbeare
To menace novv vvith their blevv ſnaky haire:
Three-mouthed *Cerberus* to barke refraines:
Ixion's racking vvheele unmov'd remaines.
Novv comming backe all dangers paſt had he,
Behinde him follovv'd his *Eurydice*
Reſtor'd to life (for this condition
Proſerpina had made) vvhen lo anon
Forgetfull love a ſuddaine frenzy vvrought,
Yet to be pardon'd, could Fiends pardon ought.

Neere

Neere to the light (alas) forgetfull he
Love-ſicke, look'd backe on his *Eurydice*.
That action fruſtrates all the paines he tooke,
The ruthleſſe tyrant's covenant is broke,
And thrice Avernus horrid lake reſounds.
Orpheus (quoth ſhe) what madneſſe thus confounds
Thy wretched ſelfe, and me; ſterne fates ſurpriſe
Me backagaine, deaths ſlumbers cloſe mine eyes.
Farewell; thus hurry'd in black night I go;
This ſaid, her aery hands ſhe lifts, and ſo
As ſmoake fleetes into ayre, ſhe vaniſht there
(Now his no more) and left him claſping th' ayre,
Offring replyes in vaine: nor more alas
Would churliſh *Charon* ſuffer him to paſſe.
What ſhould he do his wife twice loſt? how move
The Fiends with tears, with prayers the gods above?
His wife now cold was ferry'd thence away
In *Charons* boate. But he ſeven moneths (they ſay)
Weeping beſides forſaken Strymons waves,
Vnder the cold, and ſolitary caves,
To ruthleſſe rocks did his miſhapes lament,
That trees were mov'd, and Tygers did relent.
As *Philomel* in ſhady Poplar tree
Wailing her young ones loſſe, whom cruelly

A watching Husbandman,ere fledge for flight,
Took from her neſt. She ſpends in griefe the night,
And from a bough ſings forth her ſorrow there
With ſad complaints filling the places neere.
No *Venus* now,nor Hymenæan rites
Could move his minde; wandring in wofull plights
Where on Riphæan fields froſt ever lyes,
Ore Scythian ice,and ſnowy Tanais,
He there complayn'd of *Pluto's* bootleſſe Boone,
And how againe *Eurydice* was gone.
The Thracian Dames,whoſe beds he did deſpiſe,
Raging in *Bacchus* nightly ſacrifice,
Scatter'd him peece-meale ore the fields abroad.
Yer then when ſwift Oeagrian Hebrus flood
Carry'd the head torne from the neck along,
Eu,*dice* his cold,and dying tongue,
Ah poore *Eurydice* did ſtill reſound.
Eurydice the banks did Eccho round.
Thus *Proteus* ſpake,and leapt into the Maine,
And where he leapt,beneath his head againe
The foaming waters roſe in bubbles round.
Fearleſſe *Cyrene* with this chearfull ſound
Comforts her ſonne; Baniſh ſad cares,my ſonne:
This,this did cauſe thy Bees deſtruction:

For

For this the Nymphs, which in the woods did play,
And dance with her, have tane thy Bees away.
Bring thou thy offrings humbly, beg thy peace,
And there adore the easie Dryades;
For they will pardon, and their wrath remit.
Ile teach thee first what way of praying's fit:
Choose out foure lusty Bulls well shap'd, and fed,
Which on thy greene Lycæus top are bred,
As many Heifers, which nere yoke did beare;
To these foure altars in the temple reare;
And from their throats let out the sacred blood,
And leave their bodies in the leavie wood.
When the ninth morning after shall arise,
Lethæan poppy t' *Orpheus* sacrifice,
Kill a blacke sheep, and th' wood again go see,
With a slaine Calfe appease *Eurydice*.
Without delay he doth what she directs,
Comes to the temples, th' altars there erects;
Foure lusty Bulls well shap'd, and fed he tooke,
As many Heyfers, that nere bare the yoke:
When the ninth morning after did arise,
To *Orpheus* he perform'd his sacrifice,
And came to th' wood, when lo (strange to be told)
A sudden wonder they did there behold:

Bees

Bees buzz'd within the Bullocks putrifi'd
Bowels, and iſſu'd out their broken ſides,
Making great clouds in th' aire, and taking trees
Like grapes in cluſters, hung whole ſwarms of bees.
This I of Tillage, Trees, and Cattells care
Have ſung, whilſt mighty *Cæſar* in his warre,
Thundring by great Euphrates doth impoſe
Lawes on the conquer'd Parthians, and goes
The way to heaven. Then ſweet Parthenope
Happy in peacefull ſtudies nouriſh'd me,
Who Shepheards layes, and, Tytirus, thee young
Vnder the broade Beech covert boldly ſung.

FINIS

Annotations upon the fourth BOOKE.

(a) VIrgil *in this fourth Booke, leſt any buſineſſe of a countrey life ſhould be wanting in his Georgicks, beginnes here the diſcourſe of Bees; a ſubject (though ſmall) yet, as one obſernes, written of by many the ableſt Authours, and in different manner.* Ariſtotle *firſt in his booke intituled* De hiſtoria animalium, *had written with much ſubtletie, and depth concerning the Bees nature. Amongſt the Latines,* Varro *in a diſcourſe wondrous for the brevity, hath written fully of them.* Iunius Higinius *with diligence, and walking, as it were, in a ſpacious field hath at large diſcourſed of the nature of Bees: he omitteth nothing which the ancient Poets have pleaſantly fabled of that ſubject.*

Cornelius

Cornelius Celſus *in an elegant and facetious ſtile hath made illuſtration of it.* Columella, *moderately, and onely (as himſelfe confeſſes) becauſe it is a part of that ſubject which hee had before began, with no great ardour hath expreſſed it. And leſt it ſhould only be written in proſe, our Poet in this place in moſt elegant Verſe, inferior to none that ever was, entreateth of this ſmall ſubject.*

(b) *The King of the Bees (ſaith one) is uſually ſpotted more than the reſt, and of a forme more faire and beautifull. He is twice as bigge as the common Bees; his wings are ſhorter than theirs, but his legs are ſtraighter and longer; ſo that his walking up and downe the hive is more lofty and full of majeſty. Vpon his forehead is a bright ſpot glittering in manner of a Diademe. He wants a ſting, armed with nothing but majeſty, and a wondrous obedience*

obedience of the other Bees to him. Whenever he goes forth, the whole ſwarme waite about him, guard him, and ſuffer him not to be ſeene. When the common Bees are at their worke, he walkes to take ſurvey of them, he himſelfe only being free from labour. About him ſtill are his guards and officers, whoſe ſtrength he uſes in puniſhing the idle & ſloathfull Bees. But others are of opinion (who deny the generation of Bees without Venery) that this great Bee, called the King, is the onely male in the hive, without whoſe company there can be no generation at all: and therefore that all the other Bees doe perpetually flocke, and throng about him, not with reſpect as to a Prince, but deſire as to a Male.

(c) *It was, as moſt know, an ancient fable, that* Saturne *the husband of* Ops, *and father of* Iupiter *was accuſtomed to devour his owne*

owne children when they were brought forth (the reaſon of it, was, becauſe Saturne was named the god of time, and all times paſſing and returning revolve againe into themſelves) which gave occaſion to this hiſtorie; when Iupiter was borne, his mother Ops fearing the cruelty of her husband to him, concealed his birth, and the Cretans for feare that Saturne ſhould heare the child cry, rung their brazen pans and kettles; which noiſe the Bees following came to the place where the infant was, and fed him there with honey: Iupiter for ſo great a benefit, beſtowed on his nurſes for a reward this admirable gift, that they ſhould have young ones, and continue their kinde without waſting themſelves in Venery. Others report, that Iupiter being much in love with a faire Nymph called Meliſſa, turned her into a Bee, and for her

her ſake beſtowed priviledges upon the Bees.

(d) *The place where Bees firſt were, is doubted of; ſome report it was Creete, where thoſe were which nouriſhed* Iupiter; *others ſay they were firſt ſeene in Theſſaly in the time of the reigne of* Ariſtæus *there; others make Hymetta, a ſweet hill neer Athens, the place; others Hyblæan hill in Sicily: all which places are by Poets famed for nouriſhing of Bees.*

Mane ruunt. (e) *A moſt admirable diſcipline, if it may bee credited: as ſoone as morning appeares, one Bee, whoſe office it is, goes about the hive, and with three or foure loud buzzes, in ſtead of a bell or trumpet, awakens them from ſleepe; upon whoſe warning, they all ariſe, and fly abroad unto their labor of gathering honey, or other employments; when evening returnes againe, and they come home laden with honey; after ſome ſhort reſtite,*

ſpite, the ſame Bee, or ſome other in his turne, with the like buzze commandeth them all to reſt (after the manner of Cities) except ſuch as are appointed to watch and ward.

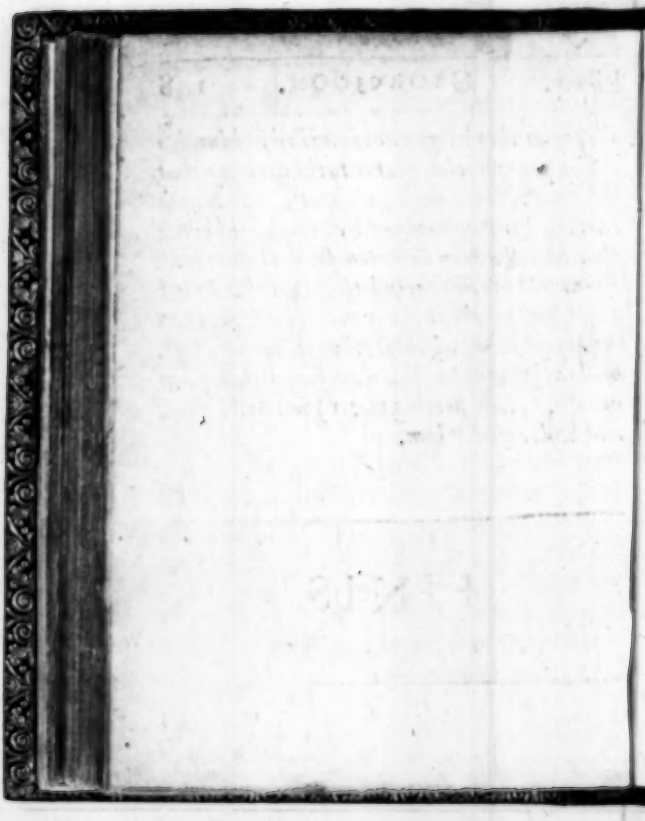
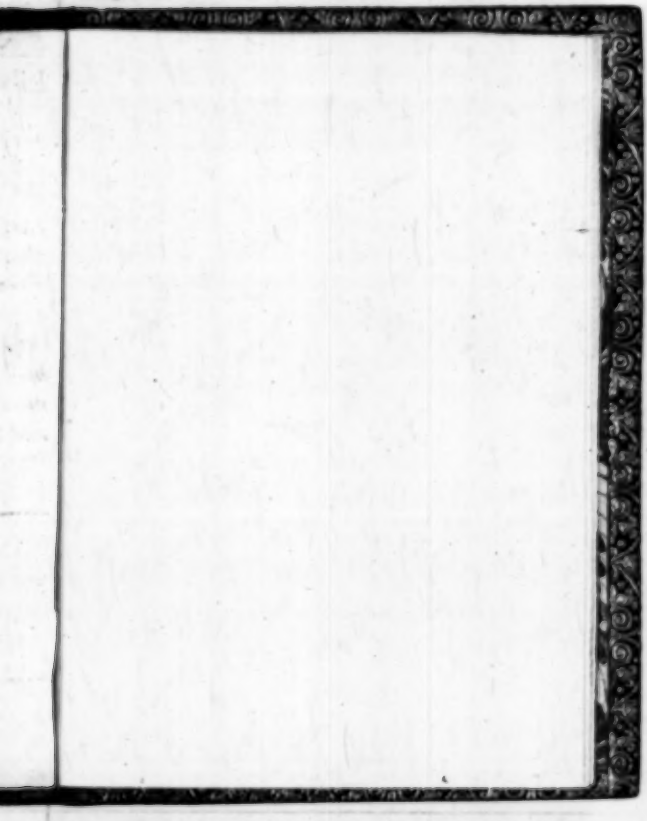
(f) *This hiſtory of* Ariſtæus *the ſonne of* Apollo, *and the Nymph* Cyrene *(before mentioned) the firſt finder of the uſe of Bees, was not intended by the Poet to be here inſerted; this part of the booke was all compiled in honour of* Cornelius Gallus *a Roman Gentleman, the firſt governour of Egypt under* Auguſtus Cæſar *(when* Cæſar *after the death of* Cleopatra *had turned the kingdome of Egypt into a Province.) This* Gallus *was himſelfe a famous Poet (though only fragments remaine of him) much beloved of the reſt of the Poets, and honoured by* Virgil *in his Bucolickes. But when afterward he fell into a conſpiracy againſt* Auguſtus, *or, as ſome report*

report it, accuſed for abuſing the Province, which he governed, he was condemned and put to death; and Virgil *by the command of* Cæſar, *altered the halfe of his fourth booke, and from the praiſe of* Cornelius Gallus *turned it to the hiſtory of* Ariſtæus. *The ſtory is plaine, as the Poet has here related it;* Ariſtæus *in luſt deſiring to raviſh* Eurydice *the wife of* Orpheus, *and ſhe in her flight from him, being ſtung with a ſerpent, and ſo killed;* Ariſtæus *for his offence was puniſhed with the loſſe of all his ſtocke, in which he was richer than any of thoſe times, &c.*

(g) *In this fable of* Proteus, Virgil *imitateth* Homer *altogether; or rather borroweth, where in his Odyſſes* Proteus *giveth* Menelaus *inſtruction; but the hiſtory of* Proteus *is thus reported by* Herodotus *in his Euterpe;* Proteus *was King of Egypt at that time when*

Paris *having raped* Helena, *was driven with her by a tempest into Egypt, (for whom Troy was sacked* Helena *could not be found there) But* Menelaus *after the wars of Troy sayled into Egypt, and there being with great courtesie entertained by* Proteus, *he received his wife* Helena *againe. Some report, that* Proteus *being borne in Egypt fled from the tyranny of cruell* Busiris, *and came into Thessalia: but others (of whose opinion it should seeme our Poet is) say, that he was borne at Pallene a City of Thessalia: and sayling into Egypt lived for a time there; but afterwards returned againe into Thessalia his native country.*

(h) *Of this fable that* Proteus, *before he was bound, and barred from all his deluding shapes, could never prophesie, some have made a physicall construction; for every man has in himselfe lust, folly, cruelty and deceit; which,*

as long as they raigne uncontrolled in him, his nobler part, which is nearer to the divinity, that is his wisedome, doth not appeare, nor cannot exercise her function, untill all those are bound; that is, till a man be freed from those vices. From whence he concludeth, that this Priest could not propheſie, nor receive the divinity into him, untill all these, that is, his fiery lust, his brutish cruelty, his wavering lightneſſe of minde, (like fleeting water) were all bound, and had ceased in him.

FINIS.